

THE
Honour of the Taylors;

OR,

The Famous and Renowned

HISTORY

OF

Sir John Hawkwood, Knight.

CONTAINING

His many rare and singular Adventures, witty
Exploits, heroick Atchievements, and noble Performances.

RELATING TO

LOVE & ARMS,

In many Lands.

In the SERIES of which History are contained likewise, the no
less Famous Actions and Enterprizes of Others of the same Art
and Mystery.

With many Remarkable Passages, relating to Customs, Manners, &c.
Ancient and Modern.

*Illustrated with PICTURES, and Embelished with VERSES and SONGS,
wonderfully pleasant and delightful.*

To which (as an Appendix) is added,

A Brief Account of the Original of the Worshipful Company of Mer-
chant-Taylors, as to their being Incorporated, &c. Their Progress and Success
from time to time : The Favours they have received from divers Kings and
Princes, &c. Their many Structures of Magnificence and Charity ; With many
other things, exerting their true Worth and Grandeur.

This may be Printed, R. P.

LONDON :

Printed by Alexander Milbourn, for William Whitwood at the Golden Dragon next
the Crown Tavern in West-Smithfield, 1687,

The History of Sir John Hawkwood, Knight.



Behold the *Merchant-Taylor*, and in's Hand
 A Measure, whilst a Lady fair does stand
 Patient without a Blush, and lets him do
 What brave Gallants dare not pretend unto.
 When others pine but for a Glance, or Kiss,
 By him the coyest Beauty hand'd is.
 Nor is his Trade inferiour to the best,
 For Art helps Natures Beauty when well dress'd,
 And Beauty is by Comeliness exprest.
 First of all Trades this was, and did entice
 Adam to use it ev'n in *Paradise*.

The Illustrious Lovers, or Princely Adventures in the Courts of *England* and *France*; containing sundry Transactions relating to Love-Intrigues, noble Enterprises, and Gallantry; being an Historical Account of the Famous Loves of *Mary*, sometimes Queen of *France*, (Daughter to *Henry* the 7th.) and *Charles Brandon* the Renowned Duke of *Suffolk*: Discovering the Glory and Grandeur of both Nations. Written Originally in *French*, and now done into *English*.

The Lives and Actions of several notorious Counterfeits; who from the most Abject, and Meanest of the People, have Usurped the Titles of Emperors, Kings and Princes; containing the History of Twelve Infamous Impostors, *Viz.* 1. The false *Smerdis*, only Brother of *Cambyses*, King of *Persia*, and of the *Medes*. 2. The false *Nero*. 3. The false *Messias*, called *Benchochab*, Leader of the revolted Jews. 4. The counterfeit *Moses*. 5. *John Bulcoid*, King of the Anabaptists. 6. The false *Clotaire*, called *Gondoad*. 7. The counterfeit *Baldwin*, Earl of *Flanders*. 8. The counterfeit *Don Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*. 9. The counterfeit *Voldomar*, Elestor and Marquess of *Brandenburgh*. 10. The false *Mustapha*, Son of *Bajizet*, the (first of that Name) Emperor of the *Turks*. 11. *James Heraclides*, the false Despot of *Moldavia*, and *Walachia*. 12. *Perkin Warbeck*, or the counterfeit Duke of *York*. Written by the Sr. *J. B. de Rocoles*, Historiographer of *France* and *Brandenberg*. And now done into *English*.

An exact Survey of the grand Affairs of *France*, in their particular conduct and management, since the conclusion of the Peace at *Nimeguen*. As they relate to that and other Kingdoms, but more especially *Spain*, *Savoy*, and the *Hungarian Wars*, with the *Turks* and *Rebels*; under the Leading of Count *Teckele*, in Negotiations and other Affairs of state. Written lately in *French*, by a person of Quality made *English*.

The Spanish History: or, a Relation of the Differences that happened in the Court of *Spain*, between *Don John* of *Austria*, and Cardinal *Nisard*; with other transactions of that Kingdom; together with all the Letters, politick Discourses, Decrees, and other publick Acts that pass between persons of Quality, relating to those Affairs.

The Fortunate, the Deceiv'd, and the Unfortunate Lovers; three excellent new Novels, containing many pleasant and delightful Histories. Printed in *English* and *French*, for the Ingenious. Written by the Wits of both Nations.

Reflections on several of Mr. *Dryden's* Plays; particularly on the Conquest of *Granada*, by *E. Settle*, Gent.

A Treatise of *Lythotomy*, or of the Extraction of the Stone out of the Bladder: wherein an account is given of the various Instruments used, and the Method observed in that curious, but difficult part of Chyrurgery, Illustrated with Twenty Figures curiously engraven on Copper Plates; written in *French* by *Monsieur Tolic*, Lythotomist of the Hospital of the Charity at *Paris*: translated into *English* by *A. Lovell*.

Cochelearia Curiosa, or the Curiosity of Scurvy-Grafs, being an exact scrutiny and careful description of the Nature and Medicinal Vertue of Scurvy-Grafs, in which is exhibited to publick use, the most & best preparation for Medicines either for internal or external use, in which that Plant, or any part thereof is employed: together with an account of the several sorts thereof, engraved on several Copper Plates: written in *Latin* by *Dr. Melimbrochium of Lipswick*, and *Englished* by *Tho. Sherley, M. D.*

The History of the Siege of Rhodes, the first in the Reign of Mahomet the Great, Emperour of the Turks; the last under the command of Solyman the Magnificent, who at the Expence of 100000 Lives, totally subdued that Famous City and Island, defended by the Valour of Peter d'Amboisson, Grand Master of Rhodes, and the Christian Knights of the Order of St. John, against the whole power of the Ottoman Empire for 230 years.

The Art of Short-Writing, according to Tachigraphy: First Composed by Mr. Tho. Shelton, and Approved by both Universities. In which Variety of Examples to each Rule are drawn. Also Mr. Jer. Rich his Method of Contractions, by Ideas and Symbolical Characters; improved to the Rules and Methods of this, with great Ease, and no less Benefit and Delight. And divers eminent Histories out of the Old and New Testament, are repeated in words at length, and also in Characters. And lastly, how to write the terms of the Law in Characters.

The History of the damnable Life and deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus, the famous Conjurer of Germany; newly printed, according to the corrected Copy printed at Frankfort in Germany.

A true and perfect Account of the Examination, Confession, Tryal, Condemnation and Execution of Joan Perry, and her two Sons, John and Richard Perry, for the supposed Murder of Will. Harrison, Gent. being one of the most remarkable Occurrences which hath happened in the memory of man. Sent in a Letter, by Sir Tho. Overbury of Burton in the County of Gloucester, Knight, and One of His Majesties Justices of the Peace, to Tho. Shirley, Dr. of Physick in London. Likewise Mr. Harrison's own Account, how he was conveyed into Turkey, and there made a Slave for above Two years; and then his Master which bought him there dying, how he made Escape; and what hardship he endured; who at last through the providence of God returned to England, while he was supposed to be murdered, here having been his man-servant Arraigned, who falsely impeached his own Mother and Brother, as Guilty of the murder of his Master. They were all Three Arraigned, Convicted, and Executed on Broadway Hill in Gloucester-shire.

Novels containing many pleasant and delightful Histories. Printed in English and French for the Ingenious. Written by the Wits of both Nations.

Religious Instruction of Mr. Thomas Byles; particularly on the Commandments, by E. Smith, Gent.

A Treatise of Anatomy, or of the Extirpation of the Stone out of the Bladder: wherein an account is given of the various Instruments used, and the Method of using them in that curious, but difficult part of Chyrurgery. Illustrated with Twenty Five Engravings of Copper Plates; written in French by Monsieur Vessale, and translated into English by A. Williams, M.D. of the Hospital of the Chyrurgies, being an exact and true Description of the Nature and Medical Virtue of the Stone, in which is contained a full and perfect Preparation for Medicines of the Stone, together with an account of the several sorts of Stones, engraved on several Copper Plates, written in Latin by Dr. A. Williams, and Englished by J. W. Smith, M.D.

THE

The Epistle

TO THE READER

SEEING (most Ingenious Reader) that Histories of this Nature have not only been approved as pleasant, but profitable, in stirring up the Minds of Men (especially of the younger sort) to the Study of Ingenuity, and a Desire of performing, and being capable of undertaking such Enterprizes as upon sundry Emergencies may redound to their Advantage; I could think of no better way or method, than to mingle Seriousness and Mirth, Ingenious Stratagems and Policy, with War-like Exploits, and successful Undertakings, in Love or Business; or what can be reasonably imagined, that may the better suit with every Capacity. And of this kind, what can better employ them, than a History of the Worthy Enterprizes of the Merchant-Taylors, who for their Ingenuity and Courage, have been no small Honour to the Kingdom? But to expect I should come to give a particular Account of the Bravery of each Individual, which Time has Registered in the golden Book of Fame, would be a Task too tedious (if not impossible) to be computed in the Circle of an Age of Years. But since in what I have layd down, Much may be comprehended in a Little; and vie with, or out-do what has floridly been put (or imposed, as we may say) upon other Trades, beyond their Undertakings, I shall in brief conclude in the Commendation of this Worthy Society, Corporation, or Trade, that for Loyalty, Ingenuity, Heroick Achievements, Charity, and many other matters, none have exceeded it; if (at least) we should submit to an Equality. And so referring the Rest to the Judgment of unbiassed Persons, I remain an Honourer of the Members of this First of Trades.

Several Books Printed for William Whitwood at the Golden Dragon in West Smithfield.

Curious Observations in that difficult part of Chirurgery, relating to the Teeth. Shewing how to preserve the Teeth and Gums from all Accidents they are subject to. As, 1. An Account of their Nature. 2. Their Alteration, with their proper Remedies. 3. Their cause of corruption and putrefaction. 4. Directions for restoring or supplying the defect of them in old or young. 5. Considerations on the Tooth-Ach, looseness of the Teeth, the decay of the Gums, with their Remedies and Restoratives. 6. The use of the *Polican* or Instrument wherewith they are drawn on all occasions. Lastly, Teeth in Children, what they are in the Original, and how they come to Perfection, in what order produced, the means to hasten them, and render them easie in breeding. To which is added, A Physical Discourse, wherein the Reasons of the beating of the Pulse, or Pulsation of the Arteries, together with those of the Circulation of the Blood are explained, and the Opinions of several Ancient and Modern Physicians and Phylosophers; as *Galen*, *Gassendus*, *Cartesius*, *Lower*, *Willis*, &c. Upon this subject are examined.

An History of the twofold Invention of the Cross, whereon our Saviour was Crucified, translated out of an Antient *Aramean Biologist*. Together with an account of the Conversion of the *Ethiopi*ans, out of *Abutpharagus's* Ecclesiastical History; by *Dudley Loftus*, J. *Viriusq*; Dr.

Ovid's Heroical Epistles, translated into English, and illustrated with Twenty four Pictures, curiously engraved on Copper Plates.

M. Janiani Justin. *Ex Trogi Pompei Historiis Externis Libri* 44. 1. *Nota Selectissime Vossii, Bongarsii, &c.* 2. *Variantes Lectiones in Margine Posita.* 3. *Chronologica Excerptiones Margine quoque affixa, &c. in usum Scholastica Inventuris.*

Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Philosophy, Moral and Natural, together with the Use that there is to be made thereof; treating of the *Egyptians*, *Arabians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, &c. Philosophers, as *Thales*, *Zeno*, *Socrates*, *Pluta*, *Pythagoras*, *Aristotle*, *Epicurus*, &c. Also the English, German, French, Spanish, &c. As *Bacon*, *Boyle*, *Des Cartes*, *Hobbs*, *Kant-Helmont*, *Gassendus*, *Gallilaus*, *Harvey*, *Paracelsus*, *Mercennius*, *Digby*. Translated from the French by *A. L.*

A Collection of Apothegms, or Sayings of the Ancients, collected out of *Plutarch*, *Diogenes Laertius*, *Elian*, *Athenius*, *Stobaeus*, *Macrobinus*, *Erasmus*, and others. Wherein the Manners and Customs of the *Greeks*, *Romans*, and *Lacedaemonians*, are represented. To which are added, several pleasant Apothegms, from Modern Authors.

A Rich Cabinet of Inventions, being Receipts and Conceits of several Natures, containing more than 130 Natural and Artificial Conclusions, all profitable and pleasant. Collected out of *Alexis*, *Mizaldus*, *Wecker*, and the Practise of *John White*, Practitioner in the Mathematicks.

The

Sir **John Hawkwood**, Knight.

The Introduction ; together with the Beginning of Renowned *Hawkwood's* Love to fair *Dorinda* ; And the Resolution he took thereon, &c.

Amongst other Youth's whose discretions prompted them to undertake this Profession, was one John Hawkwood, of Parentage but mean, yet of a goodly Personage, a quick Apprehension, and sound Judgment, which afterward raised him to a considerable Degree and Advancement in the Record of never-dying Fame.

This Youth having undertaken the Profession of a Taylor, and by his neatness, activity, and dexterious performance, soon gained the Love and Applause of his Master, and his Customers, with many others, continuing to be respectful and obliging to all manner of People : so that as he grew in Years, his Credit encreased, and with it his Ingenuity. But now (as it often happens to Young Men in the bloom of their days) he casting his eyes upon Dorinda his Master's fair Daughter, a Virgin compleat in Beauty, and worthy to be beloved ; it so happened, that by often feeding his fancy with the Fair Object, he became intangled in the snar's of Love, which for a while he struggled with, or rather seem'd to fight, as being altogether ignorant of its Power and Force ; not considering, that like Lightning, the more it is opposed, the more Force it gathers, till breaking through the Cloudy Resistance,

it makes the greatest noise ; that is, The more a Lover strives to stifle his Flame, the hotter it burns, and torments him more than if he gave it vent. And this our Youth found in the end to be his case, and therefore began thus to debate with himself : Well, said he, and Must I give Love way ? Must I yield to the Flames, that he has kindled, or rather kindled by the Eyes of my Beloved Mistress, who knows not (perhaps) what pain she puts me to ? or if she did, the disproportion being great, How can I with Reason expect a Cure ? Tush, tush, continued the amorous Youth, Love is that which baffles Reason, and puts serious Considerations to flight : A thing that takes the Diadem from Queens, and makes a Conquest over Prince and Peasant : Why then shou'd I despair ? Although indeed I have but little ground to Hope, yet a tryal will be easie ; and it is far better to run a-hazard, than to live in pain : Fortune may so bring it about, that although the Fair One I admire be courted by many, she may (notwithstanding the seeming difficulty) be mine. *Hellen* at first was coy, yet *Theseus* gained her love : And *Paris*, though a Shepherd, won her from a King. And why in this case may not the Lot be mine, amongst so many Blanks, as if the chance seemed easier ? It is but venturing ; and come the worst, I can but lose what otherwise I never must expect.

Then casting fear aside, I will be bold,

And either fix more firm, or loose my hold.

Having said thus much, he resolved to watch his opportunity, so that he might find a convenient time to tell his fair Mistress how dear and tenderly he loved her, and how (without a suitable Return) he must remain unhappy. For was it long before he was possessed of so convenient a time ; For looking out of his Chamber window in the Evening, he espied the Joy of his heart going abroad by her self ; whereupon, unknown to any of the Servants, or indeed to any of the family, he followed her in the best Equipage the shortness of the time would permit him to furnish himself withall ; and although he was assured he had many Competitors, or Rivals, he resolved to know his Doom.

And to submit to Fortune's fickle Will,

Whate'er should be determin'd, good or ill.

C H A P. II.

He makes known his Love to *Dorinda*, and is rejected ; whereupon he returns home much dissatisfied, &c.

Our Youth resolving upon what he had determined, and observing which way the fair *Dorinda* went, out-stripped her by a nearer path ; and so opportunely meeting, he made his low, but amorous submission, paying his respects as on that occasion was suitable ; when as she not suspecting what was intended, but thinking he had met her by chance, began to question him where he had been, as also of his business ; to which he replied, that His only business was to wait upon her, and to tender his Service with all the humble and endearing Respect imaginable ; and that only in her Smiles he could be happy.

This mysterious Discourse (notwithstanding she knew not well as yet to what it tended) raised blushes in her fair Cheeks ; and as he walked with her, made an Enquiry into its meaning ; whereupon he plainly told her, that The Language of his Eyes had a long time spoken his desires, and seeing neither wishful looks nor sighs had made her sensible of his Passion, he was resolved to let her know it in a Dialect that might better inform her : And thereupon proceeded in a passionate manner, to tell



tell her, That his Presumption he must own was great ; but seeing that he must ever be restless till he had disclosed his thoughts, he hoped she would not (being so fair a Creature as she was) deny him to ease and unburthen the labouring of his mind, lest thereby she hurried him into the deep Gulf of Despair, or, at least, overshadowed him with the discouraging Cloud of Discontent. O, said he again, Fairest of Creatures ! pardon me if I am too presumptuous, in telling you that, next to Heaven, I place my Love on you, and you alone admire, as the Phoenix of your Sex ; as One whom Nature has accomplished with her most Excellent Adornments ; One in whom all Perfections shine ; and without whom, the Remainder of my days will of necessity lose the largest Portion of their Felicity.

Upon this, the Brauteous Dorinda having paused a while, as one surprized at such an unexpected Discourse, or rather Demand of her Love, (which she had not as yet fully determin'd to bestow upon any) she told him, That she little expected to hear him speak in such a way, hoping (according to the most favourable construction she could make of it) that he was but in Jest : For if he presumed to insist upon what he had mentioed, he might indeed despair of obtaining his Wish ; and not only so, but incur, in an high degree, both Hers and her Father's Displeasure : But if he would be so prudent, as to speak to her of Love no more, he might not only have a pardon for what was past, but expect to have it buried in Oblivion.

This Answer, returned with sharpness and a contracted Brow, struck our Lover with trembling and amazement, insomuch, that for a time he knew not what to say : But after a while recollecting himself, he fell on his Knees before her, and intreated her ; If he had offended, not to impute it to him, but to Love, whose irresistible Power, he hoped, would prove a sufficient Plea to excuse him ; and that if Destiny had so ordered it, that he must struggle with a Flame that in spite of resistance over-power'd him, he must submit to his Fate. Noe he had said, but whilst this Discourse lasted, the fair Dorinda arriv'd at the House of a Cousin of hers, to which end, it seems, she went abroad that Evening ; and upon her having admittance, our Lover (pensive and melancholly) made his Retreat, blaming himself now for what

he had undertaken, seeing he was so successful in the Enterprize : And so returning home, he spent the following Night in much Anxiety, and in many restless Imaginations ; Sometimes he concluded to be silent for the future ; and at other times, thought that Captain a Toward who raised his Siege upon the first successful assault ; but in the end, he resolved by his Dutiful and Respective Behaviour towards her, to ingratiate himself into her good liking. And this, at this time, was his determination.

C H A P. III.

How *Hawkwood* vexing himself, pined away : And how he discovered that *Dorinda* engaged her self to *Impolito*, a young foolish Heir ; and the Letters that passed upon that occasion between her and *Gaspero* his Uncle : With other matters and intreagues, &c.

Our Youthful Lover having undertaken a Task of much difficulty, that is, bound himself from speaking in the Dialect of Love, for fear of displeasing his fair Mistress, (for so she had commanded) his Countenance, by the ardency of his Affections, was much altered, and he became lean and pining away, in so much, that it was taken notice of by most of the House, and many asked and enquired into the Reason, yet could not get the Secret from him, but falsely conjecturing by his sighing and hanging down his Head, that his Body was afflicted with some Distemper, when indeed the Disease was in his mind ; and although she, in whose power it was to cure it, neglected, and refused to apply the Balm of Condescending Kindness to the wound her fair Eyes had made, yet no Care was wanting in others to give him Ease : But alas ! neither Druggs nor Potions can ease the Mind that labours under Love : Nor could the Physician find the cause of his Distemper, but attributed it to the Effects of a Feaver ; as indeed it was ; but such a one,

As neither Skill, nor powerful Cordials so, ce,
Can from the Center of the Soul divorce :

For Love, as strong as Death, derides all Art,
And Tyrant-like does triumph o're the Heart.

Our Lover, I say, being entangled in a snare, out of which (at that time) no means presented a way for his Deliverance, but the yielding of his Dear *Dorinda*, or his pining into the Grave, he tormented himself long between Hope and Fear, as wretched Lovers do, who feed upon Camelson's Food, feed upon Imaginations, as thin as Air, and not so much available. Sometimes he repined at the Sweetness of his Birth and Fortune ; as other times he conceived a Secret Rival possessed that Heart which he so much desired, and took up all the Room in fair *Dorinda's* Breast : Oft he pressed himself to enquire about it, but as oft was dashed with the Fear of offending, since Silence was injoined him. And so (tossed like a restless Ship upon a stormy Sea) he continued many days, till at last, notwithstanding all the seeming Coldness of his Mistress, he discovered something that gave him a light into the Cause of her refusing him ; for so it happened, That going abroad, as usually she did, under pretence of paying a Visit to a Cousin of hers, she forgot the Keys of her Cabiner, which our young Lover (whose Eyes were alwaies vigilant) perceiving, & it coming into his Head, that by reason of her conference with an old Woman, who frequently came to enquire for her, that some Letters might happily be there, that might one way or other let him understand her Affairs, for he verily believed that female Curiosity might have more than Common Business with the fair *Dorinda* : This Curiosity prompted him to a search, and there he found amongst others these following Letters.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorinda,

I Understand by this faithful Bearer, in whom you may intirely confide, that you have (at my Request) condescended to give my Nephew *Impolito* divers Meetings at your Cousin *A. G's.* and have Promised him upon your *Faith and Honour*, that if he makes out the Estate he proposes, you will consent to be his Wife, laying aside all other Scruples or Dislikes; And if so, I doubt not but I shall soon see you happily joyned in Marriage: For if you can dispense with his Awkwardness and Imbecility, as for the Rest, you may assuredly take the Word of him who heartily wishes your speedy Conjunction, and is

Yours to serve you, *A. Gaspero.*

Our Lover having read this, stood amazed, like one Thunder-struck, and for a while knew not what to think or do; but in the end, recollecting his Manly Courage, and summoning all his Vigor to his aid, he proceeds to read the Second Letter written by fair Dorinda, in order (as is supposed) to send in Return to the former, with the first opportunity, it being then unseal'd, and the Contents he found to be these.

S I R,

I Must own, though with Blushes, that I have given your Nephew the opportunity to pay me some Visits, besides what has passed betw. n us at a distance, through the Care of your Trusty Friend, contrary to the Knowledge of my Parents, and have thinned the importunities of others, the better to settle my Affections on him you have recommended to my Choise; for indeed, the large Overtures you have made on his behalf, and what himself has likewise declared in that kind, may well make amends for the Defects that some more Curious Maidens might discover, in his want of Breeding and External Parts. But as for my share, to deal sincerely with you, I had rather have one I can live plentifully with, and do as I list, such a one as will not controul me, nor pry into my ways, than a Sparkish Fellow, though never so comely and compleat, who will not only restrain me, but domineer, and render me perhaps not much Superior to a Slave. Wherefore no longer mistrusting your Word, whom I have hitherto found a faithful Friend, you may let him know, that in my next I shall appoint a more private place of Meeting, where in short the Nuptials may be celebrated: And that the less notice may be taken, I will send him that notice by a trusty Friend of my own; And till then begging your favourable Construction of this plain way of Writing, contrary to the stile of Virgins on this occasion, I rest now not only your Friend, but

Loving Kinswoman in Conceit, *Dorinda.*

Our Lover was before amazed, consider here how much his wonder and astonishment encreased: For for a long time could he speak for sighs and tears, though in the end these words found way: Alas! said he, And is it possible, that Dorinda, fair and lovely Dorinda, who seems in all things so Reserved, should court a Man whom she confesses to be so much defective; nay, rather that she should court (whose'er he is, or wherefoe'er he is) his wretched Wealth, for that appears to be her Chiefest Aim? O Love! (continued he) Where is thy Power, thy Force, that thou sufferest thy Laws to be thus violated, that Dorinda should sacrifice her self to Covetous Desires, and like a greedy Fish, resolve to gorge the Bait that hides the Hook of so many Inconveniencies? And now too plain I see my Poverty's my Crime; my ill-Starr'd Fortune overbears my Happiness, and stops my rising Joys: Love, that should

shou'd be free as Air, or Spirits unconfin'd, is bound in Golden Fetters ; and Conscience lock'd up in a Diamond Quarry. But what boots it that I now complain ?

My Rival is unknown, nor does she hear
Who all along has been to me severe :
Him she has blest, whilst me she sinks in Woe ;
He laughs no doubt, whilst I with grief o'reflow ;
But come what will, it shall not long be so.
Something I'll do ; and yet I know not what:
Reason assist me to contrive the Plot :
I'll try, if possible, to break this Knot.

Having said thus much, he closed the Cabinet, leaving things as he found them : And so at that time composing himself as well as would consist with the Disorder he had to struggle with, he passed about his occasions pensive, and thoughtful who this Impolito should be.

CHAP. IV.

Hawkwood finds out his Rival, and decoys him by means of a Letter, counterfeited in the name of *Dorinda*, to a Mad-house, and under pretence of his being distracted for Love, leaves him there.

Much grieved was our youthful Lover, to think his Mistress should so lightly give away her Heart, if those may be said so to do, who rather consent to marry the Wealth than the Person, and are lured by Golden Promises into insensible Danger. And now he made it his business not only to have an Eye upon her, that he might the better understand whether she persisted in her Resolves, but also used such Industry, that he found out his Rival, being (it seems) one whom Fortune, by the Industry of his Parents, had furnished with a plentiful Estate, but on the contrary, Nature had been unkind, in rumpling and distorting his Body in a disorderly form ; and Wisdom had been as backward in furnishing him with Understanding ; yet (as the Old Proverb has it, considering Fools have Fortune) to this Medley of Creation, this hotch-potch of a Man, the beautiful *Dorinda* gave the pledge & plight of her Faith ; so that nothing but the Nuptial Ceremony was wanting, and that, as you have heard, was fairly on the way : So that what to do in this case the Generous Hawkwood was at a loss ; Delay he knew would breed Danger and Discovery of the business to her Parents, who, for ought he knew, might allow her Choice was too poor and mean a Revenge, and might justly incur her everlasting Hatred : So that being in a manner distracted in his opinions, he sometimes began to think of Revenge and a Resolution to lose his Life, or shed his Rival's Blood ; but that again was dashed and checked by other Resolutions ; so that in the end he came to a Point, and concluded on a notable Stratagem, which he put in execution after this manner :

Understanding fair *Dorinda* had sent the Letter, wherein she promised to appoint Impolito a private Meeting &c. whereat the Noble was not a little overjoyed, largely providing all things, gainst the happy expected day. Young Hawkwood takes his opportunity to put himself in the best Equipage he could, and gravely goes to a House some little distance from the Town, whose business it was to undertake the Cure of Lunatics, or such as were distracted, and tells him a very formal Story, That a young Kinsman of his, the Hope and Flower of his Family, Rich and Young, having unhappily fallen in love with a scornful young Gentlewoman, by whom he after

some

some hopes of gaining her favour) had been slighted and rejected, the which, together with other Disorders and Infirmities of Mind, upon the sudden news of her Marriage, had wonderfully discomposed and crazed his Wits; insomuch, that daily growing worse and worse, he feared in the end it might turn to an incurable Phrenzy; if not timely redressed, and the thoughts of his past-misfortune put out of his mind; for that in his Ravings he talked of nothing but Women, Assignations, Appointments, and Love-Intreagues, frequently enquiring for, and calling upon one Dorinda, who indeed was the Chief cause of his disorder.

The Doctor having heard this plausible Story, began to pity the Youth, commiserate his misfortune, and exclaim against her that had occasioned it; withal, promising to do his utmost, in order to the Restoring of him to his Right Senses, bidding him neither despair of, nor fear his Recovery: For would he use him roughly, but as tenderly as the thing required. This discourse of the Doctor's tickled the Fancy of Young Hawkwood, who had in his Imagination already accomplished his design; so that appointing to bring him within three days, with the Overture of a Good Reward, he took his leave: So that now he had no more to do, than to frame a Letter in the Name of Dorinda, to bring the Woodcock into the snare.

Being come home, and finding some Papers that Dorinda had written on sundry trivial occasions, to slip no time, lest he should be anticipated, he sits him down, and so exactly counterfeited, in her hand, the following Letter, that without great difficulty it could not be distinguished even by her self: For in this Craft great was his Ingenuity, as well as in many others, that gained him Applause and Admiration amongst the Youths, &c. The Contents of the Letter were these:

My Dear *Impolito*,

Remember, (if your Uncle has communicated so much to you) that in my last (waving further Complements) I informed you, that I would appoint a certain place of private Meeting, where, without any interruption or disturbance, by the Confluence and Course of friends, we might finish the Ceremonies of our Love: Wherefore, (to prevent the Interposal of any Envious Person, whose Malice to you or my self, under pretence of Love and Affection, or for many Ends to us unknown, may forbid the Bares; for I am not ignorant, that you have some Friends, and I some Pretenders, that would willingly Cross our Loves, if they could discover them) wherefore, I say, to prevent the worst, as soon as this Letter shall come to your Hands, make what provision you think convenient; and without acquainting any Person with the Contents, put your self upon the Conduct of this faithful Bearer, who will bring you to the Place, where (with some few of our Friends and Confidants) I am ready to receive and welcome you; And when the danger of preventing our Nuptial is past, when the Sacred Knot is tyed too fast for Envy to break, then will we send for the rest of our Friends and Acquaintance, and Tune our Happineses to louder Joy. And so my Dear *Impolito*, in speedy expectation of your much-desired Company, I rest,

Your constant and faithful

Dorinda.

The Letter being thus aptly framed to the purpose, lest delays might prevent the Design, he posts away early the next morning, and as Luck would have it, meets *Impolito* just coming out of his Uncles Gate; him he salutes, and with many Tringes delivers him the Letter, telling him withal from whom he brought it; which indeed he might have spared; for he verily concluded upon the first sight of the Superscription, that it could be no other than Dorinda's hand, and thence guessing at the Contents;

Contents, had scarce (so; the Transport of Joy he seem'd to be in) Patience to open it, asking in the mean time Twenty Questions, one upon the neck of another; to which, as far as convenient, the witty Hawkwood returned suitable Answers: But when he had opened it, and perceiv'd by Part what the Whole meant, impatient of delay or loss of time, he embrac'd the Messenger as in a passionate manner, and cry'd out, as in an Exaltation, O dear friend! how much am I beholden to thee, for bringing me this Happy News! and how much may you hereafter expect of me for your Labour! And thereupon catching him by the hand, without any Enquiry who he was, or where he liv'd, he pulled him on, saying, Come my lucky Pilot, shew me the way, without longer tarrying, to my Haven of Happiness.

Hawkwood perceiv'ing Fortune favour him in this Enterprize, lead him (the less to be observ'd) all the by-ways imaginable, and held him in pleasant Discourse, till they came within sight of the Doctor's House, at which time having heard the Imper-tinent Discourse of his Rival, he began to have some relenting in his mind, and to pity his Imbecility; but the hard-heartedness of the fair Dorinda towards him, and the losses he had by that Artifice to break off the Match, (after some Reluctancy conquer'd all Compassion, and) put him upon a tryal of the credulous Youngster's Patience: So that making up to the House, he boldly knocked at the door, and soon found admittance, by the means of him that waited; when whispering him in the Ear after he understand the Doctor was within, he bid him tell him, that he had brought his Cousin, and was desirous to attend him in his retirement. With this request the Servant readily acquaints his Master, who gave order, That Hawkwood (to whom he gave the stile of Gentleman) should be admitted, commanding him that waited, to entertain the Young-man the mean while with some Pleasant Stories of Love, the better to keep him in Countenance, whilst matters might be order'd to dispose of him. All this being exactly observ'd, our Witty Youth being arriv'd at the Study of this grave Professor, after having made his Complement, began to make a Repetition of what he had told him before: and withal, that no Cost should be spared, if, by his Industry, he restor'd his Kinsman to his Understanding and dispossest him of the disorder of his Mind, which he that Pretended to all things made no Bones to Promise; and thereupon he gratified him with a Sum that prov'd (at present) satisfactory, desiring to let out a back-way, lest otherwise the parting might be tedious and troublesome. wonderfully suggesting the affections of Impolito towards him, or rather that upon his leaving him, he might fall into a raging Fit, to his further prejudice. This, upon the proposal of a Day of Return, was granted; and so the witty Hawkwood is dismiss'd, leaving the unthinking Cully in the Trap, though at present overwhelm'd with Joys, in expectation of finding his Dorinda there.

So to the Snare the Bird (unthinking) flies,
Not doubting there his Hunger to suffice,
But soon convinc'd is by a sad surprize.

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CHAP. V.

How *Impolito* the Rival of *Hawkwood* was handled in the Mad-house; As also his discourse with the Doctor: The Misery he underwent; And the means by which he was discover'd and set free: With other matters and things, &c.

NO sooner had our Ingenious Youth perform'd what he intended, and made his escape, but down came the Van in the Whiskers to poor *Impolito*, who, till he was perceiv'd, imagin'd at the sound of every step it was his Mistress the fair *Dorinda*, which

which had caused him to draw nearer and nearer the Foot of the Stairs, thinking no less than that Hawkwood went up to inform her of his arrival; but upon the approach of him I have mentioned, he imagined it might be her Father, whom he indeed had heard of, but never seen; and so (not altogether forgetting his Duty) he fell on his Knees, and anticipated what he was about to say to him, by asking him Blessing. This posture so unexpectedly, and out of season, together with the mention of Dorinda to marry, (of whom, it seems, he asked Consent; with many protestations of his Love and Sincerity) confirmed the old Gentleman in all that Hawkwood had told him; and thereupon taking him from the ground, he began to fumble his Pulses, and consider the working of his Temple-Aleins, which through the vehement agitation of his passionate expressions, were not in a little disorder: The Youngster the mean while wondering what was meant by this unusual handling; yet continuing his discourse of Love, with many Cringes, he began at last to enquire for his Mistress, declaring how he was sent for, and to what intent he came. Well, well, said the old Gentleman, be not too hasty Sweetheart, and I will go up and send her down to you. But no sooner had he left him in expectation of such an happiness, but at the ringing of a Bell, two or three lusty fellows entered at another door, and catching poor Impolito, carried him forcibly up Stairs, where clapping him into a warm Bed, provided for the purpose, they bound him down with Corps, and so (whilst he remained in much Consternation and Confusion, wondering what was intended) they poked him as bare as a Cot, by shaving off his Hair; after which, the old Gentleman accosted him with his Instrument, and other Furniture, useful on that occasion, bleeding him on both Arms till such time as he became exceeding faint, and seconded that with sundry Applications and Medicaments; no Intreaty of his, nor Relation of what he was, or to whom he appertained, was any ways availing to prevent it; for the more he told the story of his Love, and the End of his coming thither, the more he increased (in the opinion of those that had to do with him) the Conception of his Distemper; all his serious Protestations, and earnest Alleviations of what he was, and to whom he was allied, being only taken for Ravings, and the Defects of a disorderly mind; so that in the end, through Physick, unusual Dyet, and Impatience, he was in a manner what (by mistake) they had taken him for.

Young Impolito remaining in this plight, great was the Enquiry after him, and the rather, because Dorinda had some hours after his departure sent a Letter, much to the same effect as the former; so that after three days absence, and no intelligence of him, they began to imagine strange things: The Uncle, that he was Spiritised away; and Dorinda, that he slighted her, either absconding or denying himself; and others had their peculiar and different Conceptions of the matter. But so it happened, That after a tedious Search, and the exact Description of him to divers persons in those Parts, with promises of Rewards and Gratuities, Information was brought to Gaspero in whose hands he was, who coming thither, found him in a strange condition, brought, by his Usage and Dyet, so low, and so much altered, that it was difficult to know him. Impolito, upon the sight of his Uncle, cried out, and made a grievous Complaint, declaring how he was trapp'd; and what miseries he had undergone, &c. &c. producing the Letter he had received, which being compared with what Dorinda had afterward sent, agreeing much in the Substance, and more in the Hand, it was concluded to be an Artifice of hers; for that the Intreague of their Loves being all along kept secret, it could not be thought that such a business could be contrived without her knowledge; and that on which this suspicion was the rather grounded, was her sudden condescension. And with this, and what else hap-

happened, the old *Ulloman* who was House-keeper to *Gaspero*, was sent to acquaint her, who was indeed as yet ignorant of the particulars of what had happened; nor was she a little amazed when she heard them, protesting her ignorance and innocence. As for the Doctor, he begged Pardon for what he had done; pretending and alledging it was done through mistake, though by him designed to a good intent; that he had been imposed upon, and was sorry and ashamed he had been so deceived and abused; But so lively described the Party that committed *Impolito* to his custody, that he was (not long after) discovered: As will appear in the following Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

The Plot succeeding to *Hawkwood's* wish, the March is broken off: *Impolito* is sent into the Country; And *Gaspero* his Uncle seeks and concludes to revenge the Affront: With the manner of his Resolution.

The *Lovers* thus crossed in their expectation, the cross accident (though many thwartings that arise) created so great a misunderstanding between them, that by degrees they became cold to what before they so hotly were intent upon; and the rather, for that *Impolito* being much weakened, and out of order, was sent into the Country to recover his Health, and soon after, for the bettering his Understanding, into Foreign Parts, under the Protection of a Tutor: Where, for a while, we will leave him.

Thus *Hawkwood's* Plot succeeds in the first part:
 But yet he gains not fair *Dorinda's* Heart.
 Though somewhat pleas'd that he succeeds so well,
 That yet some Hopes within his Breast may dwell.
 Hope, that doth feed the lab'ring Thought of Man,
 And is a *Medium* twixt their Joy and Pain,
 Carrying some Pleasure where Men hope in vain.

By this means, I say, *Hawkwood* being freed from what he before apprehended would suddenly leave him no place for Hope; rejoices like a reprieved Malefactor, that (at least) he has gained Time, though not the utmost of his Wish, and by new Services strives what he can to appear something in the Eyes of fair *Dorinda*, who had by this time cast off the disturbance she was in, and concern for what had so lately happened, which required not much difficulty, seeing in that March she rather strove to gratifie her Ambition than Love; but still he found her the same towards him. Sometimes indeed she would seem to give him a Smile, but then again would destroy that favour with a Frown; during which time, the restless *Gaspero* had used his utmost diligence to find out the Author of the Intrigue before mentioned, breathing nothing but Threats of Revenge; and was so successful, by the Description, and other Circumstances, that he pitched upon *Hawkwood* to be the man; and the rather, for that (at that very time) he was not only absent from his Master's House, but was seen returning from that of the Doctor's: and therefore verily concluding, that it had been contrived by him and *Dorinda*, not so much for his Nephew's disgrace, as his own, who had so earnestly laboured in the business: He concluded sometimes on one thing, and sometimes on another, to revenge the Affront: Sometimes he thought to make known what had happened to *Dorinda's* Father, and to demand a publick acknowledgment and satisfaction: At other times he thought this low, and how'd

to Right the Injury by Law; but these were dashed, upon the consideration of the Proposals he had made to Dorinda, viz. That in case the Marriage succeeded, all the Revenues and Profits he had already received of his Nephew's Estate, should redound to himself: and this covetous Reason was the only one, for which he was so earnest, in contriving and clapping up a private Match. So that weighing these, he resolves on a private Revenge, whereby (as he supposed) the Suffering of the one might redound either to the Grief or Shame of the other; for he verily believed, that upon Dorinda's little Concern for the breaking off the Match, that another had gained her Heart; and so proceeded to conjecture this might be him: Whereupon, blinded by Passion and Mistake, he at first resolved upon a fatal way to make a Separation, which was by procuring him privately to be murdered: But again, upon second thought, weighing the dangerous consequences, if it should be discover'd, he contented himself to change it into an extraordinary Beating or Cutting, which might prove more lasting and painful than the former: and this was his absolute determination.

C H A P. VII.

How Gaspero being still resolved upon Revenge, accidentally happens on *Daniel* and *Bragwell*, two Russians, to whom he commits the Punishment of *Hawkwood*; and by what means it is to be brought about.

GASPERO having decreed as aforesaid, yet not daring to attempt it himself, it so hapned: As he was looking out of his Window one Evening, he espied two Russian-like fellows walking carelessly in the street, appearing by their Garb and Portion to be destitute both of Money and Employment; insomuch, that at that time it came into his Head, that these were wonderful fitting to execute his Revenge: Wherefore, when he had a little narrower observed them, he sent a little Youth he kept to run on Errands after them, with order to invite them to his House. These Fellows, who would have run a Mile to a Three-penny Ordinary, upon this Invitation, began to wonder what it should mean, yet stood not to dispute the matter, but followed the Youth, as supposing to what end soever it was, it could not be to their prejudice: And so being brought into the Hall, the Boy went up to his Master, and informed him, that the Men he had sent for were below, and waited his good pleasure; whereupon he ordered him to carry them into his Parlour, and set before them such Meat and Drink as the House at that time afforded; which was done with all convenient speed. This unexpected Entertainment did not a little surprize them, for Now or Never they thought they had met with their good Angel, which made them smile upon each other, and ask the Boy the cause, who told them, he knew no other than that it was his Master's good pleasure. Then began they to conclude, that this was some Gentleman, of an Ancient Family, who generously (though contrary to the fashion) kept up the Hospitality of his Ancestors; and so, without any further scruple, fell on feeding and carousing, not only for present satisfaction, but to pay these hungry Bellies the Arrears of divers days before, wherein they had Dined at Duke Humphry's.

When Gaspero supposed his new-come Guest had well refreshed themselves, he came into the Room, and whilst they stood cringing and complementing, bid them heartily Welcome; and so commanding the Boy away, after a Glass or two had gone round, he said, Gentlemen, you may well wonder that (you being strangers to me) I have taken upon me to invite you into my house; for indeed (as I remember) I have not

seen either of you before I saw you passing by : But (continued he) Gentlemen, there is more in it (perhaps) than you can guess at, or I am willing, without a solemn Promise of Secrecie, to divulge unto you : Promise me, I say, to keep Secret what I shall propose to you, and if when it is proposed, you will undertake it, you shall be bountifully rewarded : Or if you refuse it, in consideration that it may spread no further, and that thereon you will plight and engage your faiths and troths, you shall not go altogether empty-handed from my House.

This kind of Discourse made the two Russians stare upon each other, as not knowing for some time what to reply ; but being men of a desperate Fortune, at length waiting bold : one of them brake the silence, and said, Sir, your Bounty towards us has already engaged us to oblige you in any thing that is within our power ; therefore for my part, I shall be willing to be directed by you in any thing that may stand with your conveniency or good-liking ; and as for your mistrusting our fidelity, let that be far from you. Thus said the one, and the other confirmed it as the Sentiments of his Mind ; and in brief, both of them made such Protections, that Gaspéro stood no longer doubtful, but opened all the business to them, from the beginning to the ending, aggravating the Affront, and requiring them to revenge it, in executing what he had determined on Hawkwood. This without further delay they promised to undertake, and seemed to rejoyce, that an opportunity of that kind was put into their hands to serve him ; and then murmured, that him they were to undertake was not some Giant, or Monster of a Man, that in exerting their Valour, their Zeal to serve him might more eminently appear ; or that it was not their happiness to engage with odds of number ; boasting at a large rate their wonderful Exploits and vallant Achievements ; adding, that in this case the Affront being so great, in their opinions, Further was too small a Revenge, if it was possible it could be carried further.

These Expressions delivered with so much Bravado, made Gaspéro conceive he had happened on the most worthy Champions of the World, and began to compute Guy, Bevis, and the Ancients, but Children to these ; and thereupon perceiving they wanted convenient Weapons to maul the Youngster, who all this while was ignorant of what was intended against him, impatient of delay, he runs to his Armoury, and fetches a couple of rusty Back-swords, made in the days of his great Grandfather, and these he recommends as fit Instruments of his Indignation ; but withal, commands them they should proceed no further than to cutting and slashing, or make him compound for his Life with the loss of a Limb, or the like. But now a greater difficulty was started, viz. how they should conveniently light on young Hawkwood, so that when they had accomplished their business, they might escape undiscovered : one while they were for watching his going abroad ; at another, to find some quaint Device to get him abroad by a wile, as he had done Impolito, or to send for him in a feigned Paine : Many things they suggested of this kind, and often ranyed about the matter ; when in the end, the old blade berhought himself that Green-Goose Fair, annually kept at Bow by Stratford, was on the following Monday, which luckily happened to be St. Willielmus day, who is much honoured by the Taylors, as their Patron, and in honour of whom, they for the most part keep every Monday Holy-day, as those of the Gentle Craft do for St. Crispin. To this place he doubted not but young Hawkwood (who was ever frolick and gay) would resort ; and that upon his return singling him from his Company, they might (under some pretence of scraping acquaintance) use him at their pleasure : and the better to know him, that they might not be mistaken in the man, one of them was to go to his Master's House.

in the habit of a Porter, to deliver a Letter, as brought up by the Carrier, from a Friend of his in the Country: All which succeeded so to their wish, that having a good Stipend in hand, and larger promises when the business was effected, they laid their Ambush, though to their small advantage; as in the following Chapter will appear.

C H A P. VIII.

How *Hawkwood* (coming from *Green-goose Fair*) was set upon by Two Ruffians, hired by *Caspero*; and how he left them for dead: The consternation he was in, and the debate with himself about his departure: The Lines he left for *Dorinda*: His setting forward unknown to the Family; and the consternation it occasion'd.



As Fortune or Fate would have it, young *Hawkwood* answered their expectation: so pat, in making it his Recreation to walk to the Fair, that they could not wish (as they thought) any thing to fall out better: When having dogged him a great part of the day, when the evening approached, they perceived by his taking leave of his Company, who were revelling with their Ladies, that he was about to return home; and so it happened to further what they possibly could expect: That notwithstanding the Solitudes of the day, he being somewhat melancholly for the scorn where-with *Dorinda* seemed to treat him; and for that, since the departure of *Impolice*, she seemed to cast her labours on another such-like of a Medley of Creation, of whom I shall say something hereafter; he, to avoid the concourse on the main Road, and shun the company of those of his Profession, who (in the height of their merriment) he well knew, would entice him to stay abroad late, which was not his custom; he, I say, to do this, took his way the farthest about, through the lonely fields, very few Buildings being (in those days) between them and London: And now *Darcill* and *Bragwell* (so; so they were called) thinking themselves cock-sure of doing what they had undertaken, passed him, who in his pensive mood took little notice of them, as being ignorant of their purpose: But coming to a convenient place, (it being now dusk

And the other two they loytered for him, suffering him to overtake them, and then, after giving him some opprobrious words, from which he gathered what they intended, and secretly guessed at the cause, and would have made some Reply, but they so suddenly fell upon him, who had no weapon to defend himself, that they prevented it; for now he that in One Man had never met with his equal in strength thought that Now or Never was the time of trying his utmost force; and therefore, without any words, having received several severe Cuts, he grappled with Dareill, and violently wresting his Sword out of his hand, slung him from him again with such force, as made his bones shake within him; and so furiously charged upon Bragwell before the other could recover, that he not only obliged him to give back, but made the Blood run fearfully about his Ears. Dareill seeing his Companion in this plight, and himself without any weapon, runs to the Stile, and pulls from thence a Bar, with which he came behind Hawkwood, and gave him such a blow ere he could turn about to receive him, as made him bend with one knee to the ground; but suddenly recovering himself, he was not long unrebenged; for being by this more and more enraged, he laid so hard upon Dareill, (the other being already faint for loss of blood) that he made him fall as dead at his feet; and then charging upon the other, who was staggering to the relief of his Companion, inflicted on him so many fresh wounds, that he likewise dropped, and with a faint voice cryed out for Mercy: So that Hawkwood, by the fearful wounds he had given them, supposing they were no longer men of this World, and finding himself hurt, threw down the bloody Sword, least by bearing it away, the matter might be discovered; and bidding them beware how they basely and ingloriously attempted to turn Assassins for the future, (tho' at the same time he verily believed they were never more capable of it) he pursued his way, pensive and thoughtful of many things, but especially of what had befallen him; and soon concluded by what he had gathered (as I said) from some words they had let fall, that it hapned through Gaspero's procurement; but thinking himself sufficiently rebenged, he resolved to conceal the matter; and so coming home, and pretending weariness and indisposition, he got him to Bed, having first provided materials to dress the hurts he had received.

Long had not Hawkwood been in Bed, but the Servant-Maid (who came to bring him a Candle, and to enquire how he did) told him, That a Neighbours Boy, who had been at the Fair, had brought the sad News of two mens being murdered in the Fields; and I'll warrant you, said she, it has been done by some damn'd Rogues or other, for their money; and it was well John, (said she, looking earnestly upon our Youngster, for whom she had no small affection) that you escaped their hands, seeing you came home so late. It was so, replied he; and thereupon shewing much disposition to sleep, (though indeed he had other matters to think on) she left him. And now being alone, he began to think of what he had done, as also what would become of him, if it was known; Although (thought he) Heaven knows I fought in my own defence, to save my life; yet having no witness on Earth to prove it, (should revengeful Gaspero, who will undoubtedly hear of what had hapned, bring the matter to a Tryal) it will assuredly go hard with me. But how (then replied he again to himself) can he prove it? Yes, surely my being abroad late, by the self-same way I took, which many that knew me well noted; and above all, if I am searched, by the wounds I have received, which will answer the weapons found by the dead Bodies. But then again, may I not plead my innocence and justify the Fact? Alas! alas! trust not, fond man, too much to that; Might and Clamour in so doubtful a case may overbear even Innocence it self. Well, what then is to be done? Why, only to avoid the Danger by flight. Ah! but then *Doinda* must be left. Why, what

of her? She scorns thy service, rejects thy Love; yet in the beholding of her lovely Eyes there is some pleasure, and in Hope there is a glimmering of Joy. VVell, but consider again, that to come to a disgraceful end, though undeserved end, will not only divorce me from Dorinda, but bring a reproach upon my Relations. Fly then, fly, I say, and reserve your self for a better Fortune.

Thus the penitè Hawkwood having debated with himself, passed over the restless night till the morning dawned, when getting up, he packed up such Necessaries as he thought convenient; together with the money he had got by his obliging behaviour, during his Service, that he might be gone with the first opportunity; the which whilst he was doing, he heard the People tune their discourse to the bloody Dialect of Murder, and horribly exclaim against the Murderers, desiring nothing more, than that they might be taken, protesting hanging was too good for them, and devised amongst themselves a Thousand ways to dispatch them, when found: Ah! says one, they were bloody-minded Villains I'll warrant ye. Ay, says another, or else they would have been contented with the poor Mens money, and not have robbed them of Life and Money too. Alas! continued a third, and perhaps of something else that was more precious; for I'll warrant ye, these poor men were in drink, (God bless us) and men in drink, ye know Neighbours, are not in a fit condition to dye. Then by a cross Wind comes in another, and with a shrill tone cries, Ay, but Neighbours, consider, consider, I say, their poor Wives and Children, what a Taking they will be in when they hear of this sad misfortune; alas! my Heart e'en bleeds to think on't.

Our Youngster hearing these and the like discourtes, although he was before but wavering about his departure, (so much did Dorinda's love constrain him) is now resolved upon it; and thereupon, that the consternation of the Family may be lessen'd about his departure, (so he intends to acquaint no body with it by word of mouth) he wrote the following Lines, and put them through the Key-hole of Dorinda's Chamber, not doubting but they by that means wou'd come to her fair hands; and to her discretion he left it, whether she would communicate them to any other, for so much he signified as a Superscription: The Lines, I say, were these:

Needs must the man be gone that cannot stay,
 The man whom Fate and Fortune drives away.
 Ask not the cause, fair Maid, you know in part,
 'Tis you have caus'd the Wounds that makes me smart:
 Your Cruelty, your being too unkind,
 Has wounded me in Body and in Mind.
 Yet scarcely can you guess for what I go,
 Though Time in Bloody Lines the Cause may show;
 And whilst I range the World, the news may fly
 Into your Ears with an unwelcome Cry:
 That I in my defence that blood have spilt,
 That wou'd with me more cruelly have dealt,
 And leave you Judge whose was the greater Guilt.
 Your Cause it was in the Original,
 That did create the bold Assassins fall.
 The love of you occasion'd what is done;
 For which remember me now I am gone:
 Me, who through Fate, through Death, and Dangers wad,
 For you most fair, and yet most cruel Maid.

He need not subscribe it, for she very well knew his hand: Nor did his wish in part fail him; for when he came to unlock her Chamber-door, espying the Paper, he took it up, and read it, wondering what it should mean. But whilst he was pausing, news was brought her, that Hawkwood was missing, and that he had been met some Miles out of Town, with a Bundle under his Arm; which had bred no small wonder in the Family, in consideration, that upon the searching of his Trunks, they found he had taken with him many things, the which, if he intended to return in any convenient time, (at least) he would not have done: Nor could the Maid, who brought this word, and entirely loved him, though her modesty had all along concealed it, refrain from Tears in the Relation. And now the fair Dorinda too plainly guessed at the meaning of his Lines, though she knew nothing particularly of what had lately befallen him. And so leaving Hawkwood on his way, and the Family in wonder and consternation at his sudden departure, I shall return to the two Desperadoes that I lately left for dead.

C H A P. IX.

How upon the Bruit of a Murther divers persons hasted to the Field, tho' before they came, the two Russians recovering, were got from thence; when killing by the way a Sheep, and taking out his Heart, they made Gaspéro believe it was Hawkwood's, whom they said they had murthered: With other things, &c.

IT seems, a little after Hawkwood had left Darcill and Bragwell destitute (as he thought) of recovery, (for the one he imagined already dead, and the other expiring) a Pouth came by, and seeing them in that condition, together with the blood that coloured the ground, affrighted at so ghastly a sight, he fled to the Town, and reported what he had seen, but for some time could not gain belief, the People telling him they might be some drunken men, who came from the Fair, fallen asleep, and that having disgorged their stomachs, he by the imperfect light, took it for Blood; but he constantly affirming the contrary, and repeating their words and groans, at last so far prevailed, that divers undertook to go with him to the place: And upon this Pouth's report it was, that those that I have mentioned grounded their discourse.

Divers (as I said before) undertaking to go with the Pouth, it so happened, that when they came there, they found not the men he spoke of, but there was the Bar of the stile besmeared with Blood, and much Blood lying on the ground; so that by plain symptoms the signs of Murther appearing, they concluded, that there had been some persons murther'd, and upon second thoughts, imagined they might be Thieves, and their Companions for fear of discovery (after the departure of those that killed them) had carried off the dead Bodies, and either buried them in the Fields, or hid them in some Ditch or Hedge; whereupon they made a long and fruitless search, till late in the morning: So that not returning home so soon as was expected, the old Women concluded upon the truth of the matter, which occasion'd the discourse under Hawkwood's Illndow, which much contributed to his departure; though in the end his Name was thereby raised high as a Pyramide; which in the sequel of the History will appear.

Now some may demand what became of the wounded men, and what News Gaspéro received of this Adventure? To which I answer, That being come to themselves, and fearing not only a discovery of the business, but being in equal fear for Hawkwood, or rather more (by being on the unjust side) than he for them, they made as good a shift as they could to get away, were gone so far before they were enquired for, that those who came in search of them could not find them, and in the deplorable con-

condition they were in, fell to consulting with each other, how they should shew their Faces to Gaspero, seeing they had promised so much and performed so little; and especially, if he come to know of their Treatment, how they should come by their further Reward: Many ways they proposed; but at length espying Sheep grazing by the light of the Moon, in the next Field, they resolved to kill one of them, and take out his Heart, which they would make Gaspero believe was that of Hawkwood, whom they had killed and privately buried. But then another question arose, how they should come off about their wounds, seeing if they had been really so valiant as they proposed, it could not be reasonably expected, that one man could have used them at that rate: But to salve this, they likewise concluded to inform him, That having done the Exploit, and coming late through many by-ways, to prevent pursuit or discovery, they were set upon by Nine or Ten Robbers, who (from behind a Hedge) fell upon them before they were aware; but as soon as they faced about and charged them, they fled, some with the loss of an Arm, others miserably hacked and wounded.

Thus having contrived to delude the Old Man, these pretended Heroes turned their valour to the destruction of a harmless Sheep, and taking out of his Body what they wanted, they hasted to Gaspero's House, the which (having well washed their wounds, and put themselves in the best order they could) they reached by that it was day-light; when upon their knocking at the Gate, the Boy peeping through the Micker, and perceiving their Hair starch'd together, as it were, with blood, their Visages pale and wan, with some Scars and Cuts upon them, their Garments rent, and many other signs of disorder, he ran up to his Master, and (being an awkward Country Youth) told him, That the Red-hands and Wild-Irish were at the Gate, and had brought *Ran-head* and *Bloody-bones* along with them: Such foolish Fables (by way of description) it seems his Mother had put into his Head, to bugbear him in his Infancy; and so much he fancied these men to be like what he had heard, that he could not be induced to go down again to enquire their business, tho' they still stood knocking with much earnestness, as ashamed to be discovered by any in the posture they were in: Nor did Gaspero's fears possess him (upon the relation the Boy had made) with any thing else, but that they had brought Hawkwood dead, or sorely wounded, along with them, to bury, or otherwise dispose of him in his House; whereupon he concluded, if it was so, he would neither admit them, or own that he knew them, or had set them on work, for fear himself should be charged with the Murder; but going up, peeping out of the window of the Lodge, & perceiving the contrary, he descended again, and opened the Gate; yet at the sight of his Janizaries he was not a little amazed, and they on the other hand complained of their standing there too long, which (they said) had they been pursued, might have been a means to have discovered the whole Intreague: But waving further discourse, he carried them into a private Room, and fetched divers Cordials, and other refreshments, to revive them, whom he found, by the faltering of their speech, faint, and almost spent; and after they had taken several lusty Swigs, so that their Spirits came (as it were) again, he began to enquire of the success of the Enterprise: To whom Dareill replied; As for that, or any thing else in that or the like nature, that he or his Companion undertook, he need not fear the success; for they were not wont to make Childrens Shoes of their business, but to perform it through-stitch: As for him who lately put the Affront upon you, you may (continued he) be well assured, he will never do the like again. Nay, if he do, (says Bragwell, pulling the Sheeps Heart out of his Pocket, and holding it up) then this is none of his. Ay, ay, says Dareill, if he do Brother, that is none of his: But as sure as that is an Heart, ---- Mark ye me Sir ---- How! (says Gaspero, interrupting

ting him) and, Have you murder'd him? I would not for any thing have had you done so: How! murder'd him! Is it possible? Possible, replies Dareill, alack, alack, very easie with us that are used to it: But this, indeed, (because you injoyned us to the contrary) was not with our Wills. No indeed, said Bragwell, it was not with our good-Wills, but by chance; for thinking to strike him with the flat, to crack his Crown, or so, by an unfortunate slip of my Back-Sword, I whipp'd off his Head before I was aware, and that I would have brought you, were it not too cumbersome; but this may satisfie any reasonable man of the Truth of it; for unless he have two hearts and two heads, with a Needle and Thread to sew himself up again, he's no more a man of this World. And what, said Gaspero, have you done with him? What if the Body should be found? Fear not that, said Dareill, for we have laid him up to the Resurrection, with such an heap of Earth and Stones upon him, that an Earthquake can't remove him. Well, said Gaspero, this is more than I bargain'd with you for; though, being done, 'tis past recovery. But how came you (continued he) thus hurt Gentlemen? To which last question they replied, as they had before determin'd, viz. How nine or ten well-armed Thieves burst out of an Ambush upon them, and had given them those wounds before they could prepare or put themselves in a posture of Defence; but they afterward had not only put them to flight, but pepper'd them off in such a manner, that they doubted not, that although they had so much strength as to fly from the place, yet that some of them were by this time in the condition of Hawkwood.

Gaspero being thus far satisfied, and taking all they said for granted, immediately fetched them Balms, Salves, and Ointments, helping them to dress their wounds, and appointed them a private Apartment, with all manner of Necessaries, till they should be recovered, with an intent then to dismiss them with such Rewards as might charm them into silence.

C H A P. X.

How Gaspero packed away the Russians beyond the Seas; And how he was terrified with the Comical Adventure of a naked Wench, which he supposed to be Hawkwood's Ghost; And many other pleasant matters that befell on this occasion.

By this time the two pretended Mirmidons being pretty well recovered, and much recruited with good Wyet, Gaspero was desirous to be rid of their company, lest by words they might let fall, the supposed Murder should come to light: But then he considered, if they were abroad, and hankered thereabout, it might be the same thing; and therefore, what to do in this case, he found himself at a loss; but considering something must be done, he at last came to a conclusion: That if they were sent beyond the Seas, his fears would by their absence be removed; and about this he resolv'd to confer with them, not despairing to have it done with their own liking, for that he found their fortune was as good in one place as another; and to have it better'd by a good Sum of Money, in a distant Country, might be acceptable. Now (as Luck would have it) did they less jump in quill; for just as he was debating this matter with himself, they came down to him, and belought him that he would dismiss them, for that considering all the circumstances that attended the Intreague, their long tarrance in his house might breed a suspicion; and that, although they were very seldome seen, yet one or other of the Servants might scatter words that might discover them; and seeing they were men of Fortune, if he could let them

oder Sea; so that when they came there, they might have something to subsist on, till they had opportunity to recruit, it would do very well. This was on both hands agreed on, without any further controversy; and they making a vow never to return, unless forced to it by some extraordinary accident, he gave them (to be sure that they should go) a Bill to receive fifty Spanish Dollers, at Bruxelles, in one of the Flemish Provinces, and somewhat to bear their Charges by the way; and so packing them on board an outward-bound Ship, he bid his two Champions farewell.

Thus (as he supposed) being revenged, and freed from all fear of discovery, he began to carrel himself in his security; yet sometimes, when he reflected on the imagined Transaction, he found a damp upon his Spirits, but mostly in the night, for through multitude of business in the day he was diverted from it; but in the end a Comical accident fell out, that overwhelmed him with a thousand fears; it was in this manner:

It so happened, that Gaspero having a pleasant Orchard, or Garden, belonging to his house, and it being in Autumn when the pregnant Earth produces the effects of her tanning labour in their full perfection; the Douvigha, or Governante, (for so I may properly call the old Woman, who was his house-keeper) hearing her Daughter, a plump red-headed wench, was to be married to a silly blade, a Coachman, her fellow-Servant, she sent in the Evening for her, when Gaspero was gone abroad; whether to give her Instructions, or to what other purpose; I leave to the construction of the Reader; but however, that she might be more charming to her Bridegroom. She admonished her to go to the Spring in the Orchard, (or rather, for its pleasantness, might be termed a Fountain) and there to wash her self, directing her to unstrip her self, and leave her Clothes in an Arbor a little beyond it. The Wench took this for a kind of an odd Prank; but her Mother, for many weighty reasons, urging it, and she being laboured by the light of the Moon, no longer disputed her Commands, who promised to watch the mean while, that no body should come in at the Garden Gate to interrupt her, the Boy being gone out with his Water; and as for any other Invasions, she doubted not, but the walls would secure her against them; and so she proceeded to do what she was commanded.

Now it so unluckily fell out, that a young fellow of the Town, having by the help of a Ladder gotten over the Wall, to possess himself of some of the delicate Fruit that grew in the Orchard, &c. was at that very Juncture gotten upon a Tree that hung over the Spring, with its spreading branches laden with Fruits, rind with Vermilion and Gold; or, as the Poet has it, in Relation to the Garden of the Hesperides:

With Golden Fruits the laden Boughs did bend;
On whom a wakeful Dragon did attend. &c.

Now whether the Fellow, who perceived the Lass approaching, had this whim in his head, to fancy her the Dragon that kept the Orchard, I submit it to the Judgment of the Reader. But if this story be true, (as I would not have you doubt it, seeing it is in Print) he lay sang upon one of the branches, not only till the unclad her self, but when she entered timorously by degrees, as either by reason of her being a stranger to the place, or fearing the depth, (being no great Artist, I suppose, at swimming on her Face) or that she meant thereby not to cool all at once; but in the end growing bolder, she fell (the better to make quick-work on't) to dashing, spattering, dabbling, and scrubbing her self at a strange rate: When (O the danger of too much curiosity!) our Youngster in the Clouds reaching his head too low, upon what account is doubtful, tho' some may be apt to guess it was out of humility, by this time

fancying her to be Diana) he lets go his hold, and down he drops, Apples and all; giving a dash as great as Jupiter's Logg, whom Æsop tells us, was thrown to the Frogs, together with the further account he gibes of it in his Fable, &c. This sudden noise not only troubled the Waters, but made the Lads (like a River-Pymph, with dropping hair, disorderly hanging, some on her Breasts; and some on her Shoulders) haste thence, unmindful (through sudden fear) of returning for her Clothes, in her native Liberty of Nakedness, spring out of the Fountain, and with speed (not inferiour to Atalanta) haste to the House for shelter. Now, as if mischief had this Night set all her Engines on work, the old Woman had just let in Gaspero, who (having sent his Foot-Boy about further business) was returned alone; and had scarce entered the Hall-door, and about to shut it, but in burst the Melanch upon him, and with the violence overthrew him, where he lay crying out for help; whilst our Governante (to colour the business the better) letting her Candle drop, (as you must suppose, through fear, though indeed to hide her Daughters nakedness, till she escaped into some corner of the House, for further relief): Whilst the Governante, I say, having dropped her Candle, came to his relief, and by woful experience, upon enquiry, found that his Cuts (by reason of the fright this Apparition put him into) were fallen very low in his Breches; and further, that not only a deadly paleness had covered his Face, but he was taken with such a fit of trembling, that his Joints seemed of no more use to support him, than if they had been made of a Quaking Pudding; Nor could she in a long time (though she strove what in her lap) bring him to his right Wits; and when that Little Sense he had left was returned, he still trembled, and with a gnashing of his Teeth, and a wild kind of a Countenance, desired to be conveyed to a Cousin's House of his, not far distant from his own; charging her withal, upon her Life, not to say any thing of what she had seen.

Glad of this opportunity was our Douvignia, that she might in time return to enquire into, and calm her Daughters fears, who (poor Melanch) stood shivering and shaking on the Stair-head, as not being capable of entering any of the Chambers, by reason of their being locked; Nor stayed she, after Gaspero was safely lodged in the hands of his Friends; but leading him to make his Apology for peruming the House, she abruptly took her leave; and coming home, struck a Light, where she found the poor Girl, as aforesaid, who revealed to her all that happened, intreating her to fetch her Clothes, and suffer her speedily to depart; which she accordingly did; the Fellow (before her coming) having scrambled out of the Water, and recovered (by the help of his Ladder) the other side of the Wall; but by leaving (for haste) his Bag of Apples behind him, that plainly demonstrated the purpose of his coming. This, upon her Mothers returning with the Clothes, the Daughter was informed, and soon after became satisfied; though at first she imagined it to be no less than the Prince of the Air turned Madg-bowlet, who supposing her (at a distance) to be a Sea-pye, or young Duckling, had stooped to make her his Prey. But being again clad, and dismissed, she vowed, if her Husband was not contented with the whiteness of her skin, he should scrub it himself with his Horse-Cloth; for she'd venture no more by Moon-light on that occasion.

The old Woman having dismissed her Daughter with Motherly Advice, relating to Marriage-advice, and the Boy being by this time come to keep house, she returned to her former Charge, by the way framing an excuse for her absence; (as who doubts, but women have it in at their fingers ends on all occasions, especially Gover-

his while to give himself an experimental satisfaction, the matter being so common.

Gaspero by this time being pretty well recovered, and having refreshed himself, was perswaded to go home, but he would by no means hearken to it, fancying (it seems) that this naked Lass was no other than the Ghost of Hawkwood, imagining in that consternation, that the red Hair that hung in Rats-tails, by reason of its being wet, to be the bloody Cuts and Slashes that had been given to dispatch him. Such powerful effects have fear to delude the Eyes and Senses; though it might probably happen, that (to heighten the delusion) the Lass might through the same effect of fear, be reduced to a Ghastly paleness: But however, the old Woman being silent, for her Daughters credit, and not attempting to convince him of the mistake, his sickly fancy presented such Ideas for the future, that he soon removed (to the no small wonder of the Inhabitants, who knew not the cause) from that House, though a very pleasant Seat, to another in a distant Village, and there continued for a while in much Anxiety; but the Ghost appearing no more, he by degrees was reconciled to himself: Where I shall leave him, and return to young Hawkwood; from whom (for the better contexture and pleasantness of History in this kind) I have been too long absent.

CHAP. XI.

How *Dorinda*, and the whole Family, were much troubled at the sudden departure of *Hawkwood*: And how he coming to an Inn on the Road, hears the Relation and Adventure of a blind Race; undertakes to lye in a haunted Chamber, and takes the supposed Ghost Prisoner, and is well rewarded for his pains.

The Master of Hawkwood, and the whole Family, (the fair *Dorinda* not excepted) being much troubled at his sudden departure, sent divers Messengers after him, but they either missing the Road he went, or being too slow, returned no wiser than they went; and being unsuccessful in this, they began to guess at the reason of his going away; but though there were many Arguments, pro and con, yet all came short of the true reason; but *Dorinda*, who indeed understood some part of it, tho scarcely the main business, yet what she knew, (for fear of shame in not sooner revealing it) she kept it to her self: But most of all, the Maid (who hoped to gain his Love by her good Services) lamented his absence.

Whilst this concern for Hawkwood's absence was at home, he was trudging the Road, or wandring through the unfrequented Woods, the better to avoid pursuit, till at length (weary and faint) he sat him down, and began to lament his misfortune; but most of all, that he must be banished from the sight of fair *Dorinda*; O! (said he) that this days Sun sees me so unhappy, to forgo all that is dear to me on Earth! But having vented his sorrow in sighs and such-like expressions, he began to be more moderate, and recollect his manly spirits, to fortify his Reason, that so, whatever befell him, he might with Fortitude and Patience support himself. But having by this time travelled far, and night coming on, he bethought himself of a place to repose in; and having a pleasant Town in Prospect, he halted thither, and took up in the chief Inn, which was not large, being only a Country Village; yet not doubting of a Lodging, he sat him down, and called for what the House afforded, and so staid till much within night before he asked whether he might lye there or no; when calling his Landlady, he put the question to her, who shaking her head,

old

told him, That indeed they had a spare Room, with a Bed in it, but to deal plainly with him, there had been for some nights past a great disturbance there, by the foolishly throwing things up and down, and that she could conclude no other from thence, than that it was haunted with some evil Spirit; and for that reason, she being a Widow Woman, and many times none but her self and her Maid in the House, was about to leave it.

At the seriousness of this Discourse, delibered withal with such earnestness, Hawkwood could not choose but smile; at which the Hostess seemed a little angry, imagining he laughed at her, as if she had told him a Fable; but he bid her be pacified, telling her, that seeing it Rained, (as indeed it did) and was a very stormy night, rather than he would be destitute of a Lodging, he would venture (with her leave) to take up in that Room. Nay, (said she, taking him up hastily) have a care young man, what you say: for I vow and protest, I would not have any Body come to any harm in my House for all the World; for (continued she) the noise is so terrible about Twelve of the Clock, or somewhat after, that the stoutest of our Carriers (though you see they are great Lubbarly fellows) dare not venture into the Room; Nay, one of them did but just put his Snout in, and had a stone thrown at him, which beat him down Stairs, and so mawled him, that he lay by it three days. By this Hawkwood (who was of a prompt wit) verily conceived it must be some trick put upon the House; for he considered, that the Devil seldom or never carries stones in his Pocket, by reason he alwaies leaves his Breeches at home (if ever he wears any, as ten to one he does not); and thereupon rested the better satisfied, promising not to refuse that Bed at any rate. But whilst they were thus discoursing, in comes a great Lubbarly fellow, laughing till his sides cracked again; and being demanded what was the occasion, could not speak for proceeding in his Laughter; but in the end growing a little calmer, said, That he had been at the running of a blind Race: And when they desired him to expound his Meaning, he said, That blind Tom, a fellow well known in the Town, had laid a Wager with another that could see, to run with him a Mile; but with Proviso, that himself should name the Time and Place, and the other to be ready at an hours warning, whenever the blind man should requite it. Now, says he, you may think this somewhat strange; but you shall hear how it happened. The blind man, you'll say, being as capable of seeing in so dark a Night as this is, as the other, called him out, about an hour and a half since, to run down the Green Lane, where (you must know) there are divers miry Sloughs; some good fellows that sided with blind Tom, laying Cart-Ropes from Hedge to Hedge, and holding either end on the inside of the Banks, on the brink of the Sloughs, when he that had Eyes came foremost, they, with a sudden jerk, whipt up his Heels, and tumbled him over Head and Heels in the Mire; yet not well understanding how the Accident happened, the first bout, up he gets, and hastens on to the second Slough, where he was served in the like nature, and then discovered the mischief, by the laughing of those behind the Hedge; and so (fearful to proceed any further, for fear of breaking his Neck) all bemired, he scrambled up into the Field, and let the blind man pass on to win the Wager: And nothing vexes me, but that they were such Blockheads to laugh; for had they not done it, ten to one, the fellow would have concluded, the Spirit that haunts your House, had been abroad, and conjured up his Heels. Upon this the Bumpkin set up a laughing again, as if he would have burst the old mitt-band of his breeches. And although the Hostesss mouth stood almost a quarter of an hour at half-cock, to tell him what Hawkwood had proposed, yet could she not be heard till his laughter was ended; but then

then giving ear to what she said, he greatly disapproved his resolution, lapsing before him the dangerous consequence, and telling him a world of stories of Spirits, Witches, Fairies, Robin Good-fellows, and the like; the which when Hawkwood began to doubt, in relation to the Truth, he quoted the famous History of Dr. Faustus, the Play of the Lancashire Witches, the penny Book of the Fairy Pranks, and the Ballad of Robin Good-fellow, bowing he had seen them all in Print, and wondered that any body would question the truth of 'em: But it may be, friend, (continued he to Hawkwood) you are not so deep learned, nor so great a Scholar as I am, and therefore have none of these Books in your Library. At this Hawkwood could not forbear smiling, and with his silence seem to give consent to what he afterward said, for he staid not long, being called away to participate of the Wager. And now bedtime being come, tho' many persuasions were used by the Hostels, and others, to avert him from lying in that Room, yet he used such Arguments, that he made them rest satisfied, that (if he was not a Conjuror, as some of them vainly conjectured) that he was a man that had been conversant in such matters, and was not afraid of Spirits: And so furnishing himself with a good Barton, and a dark Lanthorn, with a watchy Candle in it, up Stairs he goes, and takes possession of the Chamber, laying himself down on the bed in his Clothes, and setting the things I have mentioned by him; whilst the Hostels and the rest were Crossing themselves, and praying for his success, the former protesting upon her honesty, that if he conjured down, or trad her House from the Spirit, she would give him all the money in her Purse.

Now so it happened, that about the usual hour, that is somewhat after Twelve, as he was musing on the matter, he heard something about the Window; for note, it was an upper Room, which had a Glass Casement, which went out into a Gutter, between two ridges of Houses, and so into a Neighbours House at a Window of the like nature. Hawkwood, as I said, seeing this, resolved (whatever it was) to let it enter without molestation, and thereupon lay as still as a House in a Chese; when by and by open flew the Casement, and in with the Hells foremost comes something all in white, and began to tumble and throw the things about with a terrible noise; whereupon Hawkwood solely rearing himself up, goes with his Lanthorn in one hand, and his Cudgel in the other, and coming as near as was convenient, opens his Lanthorn, which shining just in the face of the thing, where the Shroud covered it not, he plainly perceived it to be no other than the laughing fellow, dyelled up in Pimlico, as Painters foolishly Picture or fancy the shadow of a Ghost: At the sight of the Light, the fellow started back; but soon recovering himself, thought to out-dare Hawkwood, whom indeed (as he afterward confessed) he little expected to find there, although he had heard him talk of it, but found himself mistaken; for John stepping up to the Beard of him, said, And have I caught ye? whereupon recoiling still towards the window, with a signified, yet lamentable voice, he said, Mortal, come not near me, whoe'er thou art, lest I destroy thee. Not near thee! said undaunted Hawkwood, wert thou him that I take thee not to be, I would approach thee. And with that he fell upon him with such fury, that in vain he endeavour'd to retreat; for being a fat and unwellby fellow, in hastily retiring, he stuck fast in the Window, with his Back innermost, which Hawkwood belaboured till he cryed out for Mercy, and then he dragged him in again by the Hells, and pulled the Shroud over his Ears; whereupon the fellow looked so simply, that he could not find in his heart to give him any more rough usage; but after passing some Jest upon him, for his simplicity, clapping the Shroud about his Neck, opened the door, and so lead him down stairs, like a Horse in a Collar; which the Servant-Maid (who had listened with

with much fear during the scuffle) perceiving, runs down one pair of Stairs, and tumbles down another, to tell the people, who were assembled below in expectation of the issue, that the Lodger had taken the Devil Prisoner, with a great Ruff about his neck, & was bringing him down amongst them: Upon these words of the wench, who delibered them with abrupt stammerings, and a frightful countenance, they were in a Quandary what to do, whether to stay or to flee the House, for now they verily beliebed young Hawkwood to be a Conjuror; but ere they could determine any thing, he entered the Room, with his Prisoner, whereat some shuffled one way, and some another; but he calling to them, and bidding them not be afraid, for that no hurt would ensue to any, they recollected their scattering Senses, and at last found him (who had been so long a terror to them) no other than their Neighbour at the next House, so that their fear was turned into loud laughter: And the Man looking all this while like an Ignoramus, and enduring their gibes and taunts, ingenuously confessed, What he had done, was to make the Hostess leave her House, that it might fall into his hands; and for the Wranks he had played, he said, he was well humbled, and heartily sorry, hoping that would make satisfaction; but Hawkwood, not content with this, commanded him to ask her forgiveness upon his Knees; which done, in token of reconciliation, he made them shake hands, and kiss each other. And so that night being spent in merriment, the next morning (being highly applauded for his courage, and well rewarded for the discovery) he took his leave, and left the Hostess in quiet possession for the future.

CHAP. XII.

How Hawkwood having left the Inn, went on Shipboard, where he found one Lovewell, of the same Profession, who gives him an account of his Birth; tells him the Tradition of St. Winifreds Well; relates his being put to the Gentle-Craft; and the strange Adventure of a dead Man.

Hawkwood, by his last nights Adventure, having increased his store, and thereby not only enabled, but encouraged to proceed, seeing in his early undertakings Fortune had befriended him, resolves (now he was on his way) to see other Lands, and so makes to the next Sea-Port, where he found a Ship ready to sail, and having agreed with the Master, committed himself to the Ocean.

Now it so happened, that making his Profession known, he found a dapper young fellow in the same Vessel of the like Mystery; and finding him expert and ingenious, with him he contracted such familiarity, that afterwards they became almost inseparable friends, and were successful in many Adventures; as the Sequel will manifest.

Hawkwood, I say, having met with a Companion of his Travels, who had almost been as strangely crossed by Fortune as himself, especially in the business of Love, which in general he had told him, he imagined his happiness increased upon him: And now they being long at Sea, he made it his request to him, that to pass away the time till they could land at the first Foreign Port, he would give him a relation of some particulars that had passed, which he promised him, &c. but to run them over at present as briefly as might be, by reason they might otherways prove too long for the Voyage, and by that he might be obliged to break off abruptly.

I was (said he) born in Flintshire, at a place near St. Winifreds Well, otherwise called *Holy-Well*, so famously memorable for its frequent Visitations, and the Cures it performs, and (as Tradition has it) sprung up above a Thousand Years since; where the Head of that Virgin was cut off by a Pagan Prince, from whom she fled to save her Chastity; and ever since, the Red Stones in the bottom of it, &c. are fancyed as a lasting Memory to her Name and Sanctity, to bear the Tincture of her Blood. Here, I say, being born, and christen'd by the Name of Francis Lovewell, through the care of a tender Mother, I soon grew up, and being at convenient years, was sent to an Uncle of mine, who professed the Gentle-Craft in London; but although he was Rich, he was so penurious, that I had not been there a week before I began to miss my Mothers Cupboard (my Father being now dead); for being barred of my Belly-Timber, and kept short so soon, I began to think that worse might follow; for our Family consisted of no more than my Uncle, an old Wench, and my self; and working privately, we lived in a dark smoaky Alley, over which a discouraging Cloud of Night hung, even in the midst of Day, so that we seemed to live in mists and shades; yet were up early and late; the Old Man taking especial care, that his Cousin should not be idle; so that in a small time, with making up Wax, and drawing the Ends, I smelt worse than a Tarpawlin: Nor could I have a sweet breath, for Onions and toasted Cheese was the greatest part of our Dyet; which my Uncle extolled above any other Provision; only on Sundays we were allowed a Butter'd Pudding; but as if Eggs, Plumbs, and Suet, had been as great Strangers in London, as in the Desarts of Arabia, when we sought for any of them, we were forced to return them, like a broken Citizen, *Non est inventus*: And though I had contrived to surprize or storm the Cupboard, I had not mended my Markets; for indeed my Uncle was so kind (however he fared abroad I know not) never to exceed us in our Dyet; and I the rather believe he did it, to encourage us to be valiant against the Tyrant *Famine*. By this means, and often fasting, I became lean, and out of order; I complained indeed, but my complaints were only answered, It was the Fashion of the Town to live sparingly; so that, when at any time I got a Penny for carrying home a pair of Shoes, I fancied my self as rich as *Craesus*, making it serve me for two mornings draughts, at half a pint a time; for our Drink at home was no better than our Victuals, not One in Twenty by the taste being able to distinguish it from Water. Thus, for three Months, I lived a kind of an impatient life, every day expecting my Mothers coming up, that I might have my Dyet mended, or be removed. But whilst I was in this expectation, one Evening being sent to a Customer with a pair of shoes, I met a Coffin, with divers in Mourning following it, and amongst the rest, in a doleful tone, with wringing of hands, and many other expressions of sorrow, I heard a woman cry out, O my dear Husband! how am I separated from thee by cruel Destiny! whom I so much loved, who wert my Joy, my Hope, and all my Comfort in this World: Thou, alas! (continued she) art now going to a dark and gloomy House, where is no joy, no pleasure, no delight; to an House where the sound of Musick is a stranger, and where those dwell, that neither eat nor drink. Now I being but a Novice, and hearing this description of the place, could (at that time) fancy it to be no other than my Uncles house; and therefore turning back again, I hasted home with all the speed imaginable, and fell to knocking at the Door, as if I would have burst it in pieces; my Uncle called to know who was there, but through the fear I was in that they should arrive before I could have the door open, I was incapable of reply; so that continuing my

importunity, down he came, and began angrily to demand the reason of such rudeness: O! Uncle, Uncle, (said I, and thereupon fell to bolting, and barrodading the Door, and setting my Back against it) the people are bringing a dead Man hither: Away you fool, said he, what, Art thou mad? A dead Man! quoth a, psha, psha, thou simple boy, sure thou art not so silly to believe it. Nay, nay Uncle, replied I, I do believe it; for I am certain, I heard 'em say they were carrying him to a dark and sorrowful house, where there was neither eating nor drinking; and therefore they can mean no other, but This.

At these words the old Man began to smile, yet scarcely knew whether he ought to be angry or pleased; yet in the end attributing it to my Simplicity, he by his sophistry soon convinced me of my mistake, and by that means removed my fear.

At this Story Hawkwood could not refrain from smiling: But now the Cook giving notice by the ringing of a Bell, that Dinner was ready, Lovewell broke off his Discourse, with a promise after their repast to proceed.

CHAP. XIII.

Lovewell relates how he was met by a young Merchant-Taylor, who carried him to a splendid Feast, Annually held by the young Men of that Profession, on *St. Wilhelm's Day*, in honour of that Saint, so much esteemed by this Trade; And of the splendid Entertainment; And how he by that means came to be of the Trade.

The first Repast being ended, (so long you must not expect it to continue in a place where Commons are short, and Appetites exceeding large, so made by change of Air, and difference of the Climate) Hawkwood, desirous to hear more of the Adventures of him whom he now had adopted his Companion, was not wanting to put Lovewell in mind of his Promise, nor he less ready to satisfy his expectation; whereupon he thus proceeded:

Long (said he) I had not been with my Uncle of the Gentle Craft, after the story I have mentioned, but growing weary of my Trade, (and more of my usage) and my Mother not coming to Town, as I expected, it so happened: As one day I went abroad, and was walking the streets, pensive and melancholly, I met with a dapper spruce fellow, who marking my Countenance, and by that guessing at the disturbance of my mind, bearing up with me, began to enquire into my Country, Parentage, Business in Town, and finally my Name, with many more things and matters, too tedious to recite; of all which I satisfied him as well as I could; but it seems he knew them before as well as my self, happening in the sequel to be my Countryman and Neighbour. This Youth invited me to go along with him; but I, who had been terrified both by my Mother and Uncle, with the fear of being Spirited, the dread of Bughy's hole, so much wrought upon my conceit, that with such Complements as I had, I endeavour'd to excuse his invitation, by pretending business, and want of leisure: When indeed it was the same with *St. Crispin's Day*, the only Holy-day my Uncle had allow'd me since my coming to me, and in generosity, for the sake of that Saint, so much admired by the Trade, had given me Three-half pence to spend as I thought convenient, though withal admonishing me by the by, to lay it out in good Liquor, tipping me the wink, that that was the best way

to employ it : Now with this mighty Sum, and some other pence I had given me by Customers, I was going (you must know) to see a Country-man of mine; when in the end it happened to be the very Youth I had met as before, but so altered in his Clothes and Carriage, that I knew him not, (though I had heard where he lived) till he first discovered himself to me, and then we lovingly embraced each other, and (after the asking and answering many questions) I consented to accompany him; and straightway he led me to a place, where I found a great number of young Sparks in the height of merriment, who every one, upon my entrance rising from their respective seats, came and pay'd me a welcoming Complement. Now I, who knew not what all this should mean, stood like an Owl amongst the Jackdaws, and knew not what to say for my self; but he that brought me thither, supplied my defect, and told them, I was an honest Country-man, though not of the same Profession: Then they demanded my Calling, which I frankly told them; upon which turning their Heads on one side, not utterly to dash me out of countenance, they fell to sauntering for a while, but afterward made me sit down, and bid me heartily welcome; when on a sudden, all the Tables were spread with such store of Varieties, that at the sight thereof I stood gaping and gazing, as if I had been in another world; but recollecting my self, and seeing others fall to, I made no bones to do the like, and there fed not as the Country Esquire ordered his Man, for that day, or the morrow, but to supply the defect of many hungry Meals past, as never dreaming to meet with such another opportunity: Dinner ended, Wine of all sorts flowed about at a strange rate, and then entered the Musick. This, I thought with my self, was brave; but, being a stranger, I had so much wit at that time to think that silence best became me, and so I attended the sequel. When after many Carrouses and passing of Healths, a Youth with much gravity, having a Wreath of gilded Lawrel on his Head, rising at the upper end of the Table, silence was immediately commanded; when a while standing in a pause, he thus began:

YOU, who the First of Trades with Honour claim,
 Whose Occupation in with Adam came,
 And which improv'd was by Jehovah's hand,
 And since adorn'd and pleasur'd every Land:
 Think on the Day that gave First Edward Birth:
 And tune your Voices to no common Mirth;
 Since that good Monarch's Bounty was so great,
 The Merchant-Taylors to incorporate:
 And those of the succeeding Kings, who still
 Have (in their bounteous Good, and Princely Will)
 Confirm'd, and still encreas'd the Royal Grant;
 And that Encouragement we should not want,
 Seven of the Princely number daign'd to be,
 At sundry times, of Merchant-Taylors free.
 Then let none dare to slight us, since we prove
 Antiquity, and England's Monarch's Love.

Upon the recital of these Lines, every one gave a great shout; and so, after the going round of many Healths upon the former occasion, this Song ensued.

The SONG on St. Guillielmus Day.

[1]

HAppy, happy are we all,
 We they Merchant-Taylors call;
 Who live still free from care and strife,
 And ever lead a merry Life.
 At our Work we sit and sing,
 Which does Profit to us bring;
 Whilst we make the World look gay
 With our rich and warm Array.

[2]

Come drink, come drink to Edward First;
 And so in order to the rest:
 Who of our happy Company
 Have condescended to be free.
 Then round again Boys, let it go,
 To our Prosperity: And so
 Jolly, jolly let us live,
 And never fear to work and thrive.

This Song ended, after much dancing and merriment, the Company broke up; and so, with many thanks, I took leave of my Country-man, but withal demanded the reason of this Meeting; who told me, it was Annually held by the young Men of that Profession, on St. Guillielmus day, in honour of him, &c. and so we parted; and from that very time I could never rest, till I had sent for my Mother to Town, and prevailed with her, to take me from my Uncle, and put me to this Trade.

Well, said Hawkwood, for what you have already revealed, I must in gratitude return you Thanks, though, as to some part of what you have last said, I would not have you to take me for a stranger to it, as having been a Member of this Annual Society: But waving other matters, for Brevities sake, seeing (as I remember, if I mistake not) you said you have been crossed in Love, and that That was the occasion of your Undertaking to travel; let me intreat you to lay your further obligations upon me, in giving me some account of what passed or happened, as to That. To this Lovewell contented, and so proceeded in the Relation: As you will find it in the following Chapter.

CHAP. XIV.

Lovewell declares how he fell in love with *Lamira* ; describes her Excellent Beauty. How he first discover'd his Affections to her ; and what stratagem he afterward used to have her company, &c.

The Love-Story being agreed upon, our new Adventurer, ere he could proceed, fetched a deep sigh ; when as these words ensued :

I obtained, said he, as you have heard, the favour of the good old Woman, my Mother, to be removed from my penurious Uncle of the Gentle-Craft, to one *Livewell*, a Professor of Limb-trimming, and Brother to the Merchant-Tailors ; by which removal I found my condition wonderfully altered ; for now I had both Plenty and Ease, whereas before I had both Labour and Hunger : so that concluding my self a fortunate fellow, I soon grew expert at my Trade, striving by industry and behaviour to be profitable to my Master, and obliging to all : Nor (as I think) did my expectation fail me, especially in the main ; so that in reliance upon my fidelity, I had leave to do what I list, and was all in all, in taking the Measure of such Customers as we dealt with ; and indeed we had a very full Employment. Now it so happened, when I was just out of my time, amongst other young Gentlewomen (for amongst them lay the stress of our Trade) that came under my handling, there was one of the loveliest Creatures that I fancied I had ever beheld : In her Body nothing was wanting, that might render it compleat ; her Complexion was fair ; her skin as white and soft as the Down of Swans ; the Round of her Face inclining near to a perfect Oval ; and though her Eyes were not the greatest, yet they possessed all that could be desired in loveliness, being quick, with mildness, and full of Love, that with a single glance they darted into my Breast all the Flames that sparkled in themselves ; her Mouth in its kind was not inferiour to her Eyes, for being very little, it shut with Lips of unfading Vermilion, so that in its natural frame, it presented an Object not to be paralleld for Beauty ; and when again it opened either to laugh or speak, it alwaies afforded a Thousand new charms ; and what has been said of her pretty Mouth, may likewise be said of her fair Hands, which by their nimbleness and dexterity in the smallest actions, seemed to embellish themselves ; but more might be spoken of the sovereign Beauty of her Neck and Snowy Breasts, which appeared to be the Master-pieces of Nature : Her stature was not of the tallest, but such as could not chuse but please : And as for her Gait, Address, and Presence, they promised so much, that nothing could be more. This beauteous Ma'id, I say, I had the happiness to wait on in her Chamber, being a Neighbours Daughter not far distant from our House, there to take measure of her whose pretty Waist not much exceeded a span ; and from that hour her Eyes took measure on my Heart, glancing their Beams of Lightning from end to end, and kindled a Fever in my Breast ! And with that he fetched another sigh.

Well, said Hawkwood, (who at this description began to look pale, fancying it could be none but his *Dorinda*, but for that his Master only furnished Pen with Clothes, &c.) And how did you order your matter afterward ? Her Clothes being made (continued *Lovewell*) with all the Art and Dexterity I could use, the better to please, I carried them home, and as I wished, they were wonderfully liked ; and

whilst

whilst she fed her fancy on the neatness of her Apparel, I feasted mine, even to Luxury, upon her lovely face, and so we both were pleased, but not the way at that time that I wished, though she told me; I had so well satisfied her, that she would make further use of me, as occasion required, and withal, offered me a piece of Money for my diligence; whereby somewhat emboldened, (there being none to overhear us) under pretence of receiving the Coyn, I took her by the delicate hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, with an amorous look that (no doubt) darted flame into her tender soul, said: Ah Madam, 'tis not this, but something else I would have, if I durst presume to ask it. Why, said she, if it be your money you want, if you have your Bill about you, let me see it, and I'll fetch it you straight. Ah! no, replied I, and fetched a deep sigh, it is not that, but that which is more valuable to me than any thing upon Earth, that I have power to name. Why, what is it? (said she, speaking with a glance that sparkled goodness) prithee tell me, that I may know as well as you; it may be I may help you to it. With that growing yet more bold, I bending one Knee to the ground, and kissing her fair hand, breathed out in a soft tone these words, (viz.) Dear Madam, it is your leave to love you: Upon this she began to smile, and look earnestly upon me; but whilst I was with impatience expecting her answer, in came her Mother, and broke off my Scene of happiness: so that out of hopes to say any more, or hear any Answer at that time, I departed; not without some glimmering of joy, to wait a more favourable opportunity: Only thus much by her Mothers coming I gained, to know her Name was *Lamira*, the fair *Lamira*, the charming sweet *Lamira*.

And how (said Hawkwood) did you proceed after that? or What success had you? I was restless (replied Lovewell) and unease for many days, plotting and contriving a hundred ways to gain an opportunity, to let her know the wound her Eyes had made, and in the end was so favoured by my Stars, that boldly adventuring, I put my self in an exceeding Rich Female-Garb, (being then young and Beardless) and so got admittance to speak with her, and found (when I had to her no little wonder discover'd my self) that she was not any ways averse; inasmuch, that under the pretence of being one of her School-fellows, I had the opportunity of waiting on her, as often as (for fear of suspicion) I found it convenient; and sometimes, with the good liking of her Parents, we went abroad together, on Foot; and in a Coach, sealing in conclusion each others Heart, in mutual vows, and the protestations were over-and-above cast in, that Mankind is capable of expressing.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

He tells how the Love-Intreagues were discover'd by old Cissy the Servant-Wench, to the Parents of *Lamira*; And how she being thereupon confined to her Chamber, he adventured down the Chimney, and found an opportunity to free her, by the means of a Bears Skin: And what comically happened on that occasion.



And now I thought my self as happy as man could wish, and seemed to look down upon the World with pitty, not imagining there was any felicity, but what was centered in my Heart. But when I was in the midst of this extasie, coming one day to visit my Mistris, I found her overwhelmed with sorrow, and that by the Tears she had shed, the Lustre of her sparkling Eyes were much impaired; whereupon in much surprize I asked the cause, as thinking she began to repent of what she had promised, but found the contrary; for her grief proceeded from the proposall of a Match, which her Parents highly approved, and strongly pressed her to consent to, in lucre of her large Estate, and that the Lover was no less enamoured than she was averse. This struck me with a cold damp to the heart, and deadned all my Joys; but comforting her in the best manner, it was agreed between us, That to prevent the trouble of his nauseous visits, and the danger that delay might breed, we should the following Sunday joyn our Hands, as Love had joyned our Hearts; and so with a kiss and amorous smile, I cheer'd up the beauteous face of fair *Lamira*, which before was clouded with anxiety and sorrow: But so it unfortunately happened, That when we were about to take our leave, in comes the new Lover, and having first saluted my Mistris, he fell

to doing the like to me, and from that, to the entertaining us with much impertinent discourse, especially about his Love to *Lamira*, and what Mountains she might expect, if she would condescend to his desire; entreating me at the same time, if I was married, (as he believed by my Womanly Countenance I was) to let her know, in his absence, the many Joys that attended a Matrimonial Estate; which I faithfully promised to perform, and indeed any thing else that he could request, to be rid of his company, of which (as I well perceived) my Mistress was but too sick: Not that I feared such a Rival, had her Constancy been less, by reason he was not only old, but much deformed and impaired in his natural shape and conditions: And indeed, as I could wish, there came an hasty Messenger to inform him, his House was on fire; upon which, in much consternation and confusion, he abruptly took his leave; though in the end I perceived, by the Laughter of my Mistress, that this false Alarm was given by her advice, that we might have the better leisure and opportunity to proceed further in discourse about our Marriage; but that proved our misfortune: for an old Wench, whom *Improspero* had well bribed to sollicite his Cause, having out of curiosity to hear our Discourse, (contrary to our knowledge) hid her self behind the Hangings, & perceiving by the earnestness of our Expressions, the repeated Vows of Constancy and Fidelity, together with the tender Embraces, Kisses, and Caresses, that passed between us, that such Love could not well proceed from meer Complement, or be consistent in One of the Female Sex to another; she, from that time began to suspect, there was more in it than so; and thereupon more narrowly watching my Behaviour, Gait, marking my Voice, Limbs, and other matters, and being a season'd Stick at Intreagues, she no longer doubted, but that I was not what I seemed; nor did she delay to acquaint *Improspero* with her Thoughts; who finding himself abused, as to the Relation of the Fire, soon after my departure returned, and he imparted as much to the Mother of the fair *Lamira*, who searching her Desk, unhappily found a Copy of Verses I had written in praise of her, and subscribed with my Name, and some other Papers that had passed between us: Nor was it long e're the Father was acquainted with what they had gathered by circumstances; so that the House was in a secret consternation; and my Mistress had no more time, than just to send me word, our Intreague was discovered, before she was closely confined to her Chamber, under the guard and care of her that had betray'd us. This, you may well think, was killing News to me, and for a time made me almost beside my self; for now my disguise, I found, was no more available, but might rather confirm the matter; sometimes I thought to revenge the Treachery; at other times, how I might release my Mistress; and often burst out into Tears, to think that for my cause, and that for the sake of Love, so fair a Creature should be so roughly handled, and wished that any misfortune might have befallen me; so she was no partaker of it. And now my study was to gain intelligence, in which Room she was confined, resolving at any hazard to speak with, and comfort her in the best wise: Nor was it long e're I gained it from a little Youth, belonging to the House, whom I had found abroad, and tempted to the discovery with divers trifles of no great value; but surveying the place at a distance, I found the access wonderful difficult; yet, What will not Love do, where it does truly center? I getting me the Skin of a Bear, with a Head so artificial, that much curiosity must be used in distinguishing it from that of a live one; and so fit I framed this covering for my purpose, that when I was wrapped in it, I seemed no other than the very Creature I represented; and so the succeeding night lay in Ambush, in order

order to rush up Stairs, and force my Mistresses Guards, whom I knew (through fear and dismay) would leave their Charge, and then presently discover my self to her, and convey her thence: But finding no opportunity to do this, by reason I could perceive none of the outward Doors open, I thought upon getting in at the Window, but found many of them strongly Barred with Iron; and so, whilst I began to despair of putting my Design in Practice, it luckily came into my Head, that if I could get to the top of the House, I might descend the Chimney, and by that means come into her Chamber; and upon this wild Adventure I resolved; but, mistaking the Funnel, I happened into the next to it, where I found the old Citty (with whom *Improspero*, it seems, had been carousing in the absence of her Master and Mistris) fast asleep, with a winking Candle by her, and the Key in her Lap, which I taking up, lay'd aside my Hairy Garment, and unlocked the Chamber, where I found her reading very penlive; at first sight of me she was surprized; but perceiving who I was, we embraced each other with all the endearing Caresses that within the Bounds of Modesty can be imagined; and then (like mournful Turtles) complained to each other of our hard Misfortune; she telling me how she had been pressed, and almost tired with *Improspero's* nauseous Love; and how severe her Parents had been to her, in her strict restraint; what Threatnings they used, if she disobeyed; with many other matters: And withal, demanded how I got the liberty to be admitted: the which I giving her to understand, we in the end fell to plotting, how at that time we might escape, seeing Fortune had so far favoured my Enterprize; but in that found many difficulties: For the Father, Mother, *Improspero*, and the Lad, being gone to Supper at a Neighbour's House, had taken all the Keys of the outward Doors with them: Through the Windows we could not get, neither was it convenient, or possible, for my Mistris to clamber out at the top of the Chimney; wherefore the gagging or binding old Citty (for so was the Wench called) we imagined, might prove as disadvantageous, as if *Ulysses* had killed the *Polypphem*: Wherefore cudgeling my Brains for a while, I at last resolved to make a Bug-bear of the Wench; and thereupon, as Fortune would have it, in the almost insensible condition she was in, I clapped my Pears-Skin about her, and so well buckled it on, (whilst she thought probably, that some body was wrapping her in a Rugg, for fear of catching Cold) that now she appeared all over a Beast. Having thus done, we went down Stairs, and bolted the Door on the inside, and so hid our selves in a Nook, or behind the Geaum of the Wall, to expect the event, and weather the utmost that might befall. Now so it fell out, that soon after the good People coming home, and not being able with their Keys to get Entrance, mistrusting somewhat more than ordinary, fell to knocking and thundering at the Door like Wild-fire, which made old Citty, between sleep and wake, after a yawn or two, stagger down Stairs in her Fur-Mantle, the which, by the reason of the condition she was in, she did not perceive; but getting to the Door as well as she could, she opened it, by drawing back the Bolts; but no sooner did she appear in that frightful form, but those that were so hasty to enter, were hastier in the Retreat: *Improspero*, to seem valiant, supposing (at first) some Thieves were gotten into the House, drew his Sword; but old Citty, who began to wonder at their running away, staggering after them, he no sooner beheld her, but seized with a panique fear, dropping his Weapon, he betook himself to his Heels: During which consternation, I and my Dear *Lamira* had opportunity to depart undiscovered; to our (then) no small Joy and Satisfaction.

CHAP. XVI.

How they Landed in *Ireland*; with some Remarques upon that Kingdom: How they heard the false Accusation and malicious Stratagem of one *Romaldus* against *Clarinda*, because she had refused him; and given her Love to another: And of the policy by which he contrived to put her Life to the hazard.

DURING the long Love-Story and Adventure, the Ship was come within sight of Land, and the Sea running somewhat high, all hands were required, to bring her safe into the Port; which occasion'd the remainder of this Affair to be referred to a more convenient opportunity; and indeed, what remains may prove both pleasant and delightful in the Relation; which in due place I shall remember.

Being come nearer the Shore, they found themselves upon the Coast of *Ireland*, where they soon got on Shore; *Hawkwood* and *Lovewell*, upon their Landing, kindly embracing each other; and so refreshing themselves with what the place afforded, and paying their Passage, they resolv'd to travel; and wish'd them would go a pretty Youth (as they imagin'd him) who came over in the same Ship, but indeed (though contrary to the knowledge of either of them) it was the beautiful *Lamira*, disguised in *Spanis* Apparel; as in the sequel will appear, to the no small Joy of her Lover.

These Valiant and Ingenious Youths being in the famous Kingdom of *Ireland*, in pursuit of Fortune's Favour, and taking the third person into their Society, they travelled through divers places, beholding many Rarities, which that Country affords, and amongst the rest, admiring that singular Gift, said (according to Tradition) to be granted at the humble supplication of *St. Patrick*, their Titular Saint, viz. That no venomous Creature breeds there; and that if any happen to be carried over for curiosity's sake, they dye. And indeed, much notice is taken in that kind of the Roof of *Westminster-Hall*, said to be built of *Irish Oak*, (seeing notwithstanding the Antiquity of the Building) not so much as a Spider's Webb appears upon any part of the Wooden Frame; which in other Halls, built of the same sort of Timber, though not of the same Countreys growth, unless swept down, appear very numerous. But to wade this;

Our generous Merchant-Tailors, *I say*, being in pursuit of Fame, and trusting to the favour of Fortune, resolv'd to gain Renown at what price soever it cost them, desiring nothing more, than to hear of some dangerous Adventure, by which Honour might be gained, and true Valour signalized; it so fell out, That being one Evening belated in their Travel, they came to a Gentleman's House in the Province of *Conaught*, publick Inns being but few in those parts, and of the Porter demanded whether they might lodge there that night; who told them they might, soasmuch as it was an hospitable place, built for the Reception and Entertainment of Strangers: and so he had them into the Hall, where they found not only good Company, but a Table spread with all manner of Provisions that Reason could require, and Liquors answerable, especially *Uquesbah*, that reviving Cordial, so much used amongst the Natives of that Kingdom: And so having refreshed them

themselves, they began to discourse about divers matters, and amongst other things, one of them began to relate the sad misfortune of a beautiful young Gentleman, not far distant from that place, who, by reason (as he said) of a false Accusation, was to be put to death, unless he could meet with a Champion, that would undertake to maintain her Innocence against her Accuser. This Story our valiant Youth were more than ordinary desirous to hear; inso much, that silence being made, the Party thus proceeded:

It so happened, says he, that an ancient Gentleman, called *Janthines*, had by his Wife deceased, one only Daughter, named *Clarinda*, of Personage lovely and amiable, and in courteous and modest Behaviour excelling to a Wonder. This charming Maid no sooner arrived to that perfection of Years, which fully discovered her excellent Features, but her Beauty captivated the hearts of many; but she prizing Virtue and true Valour more than Wealth, did not return them the satisfaction they so much desired, but (as it afterward came to light) settled her Affections upon one, whose Fortune seemed obscure in the Eyes of the rest: Yet many of them finding by sundry Tokens, that their Loves were united to that degree, that it would be difficult (if not altogether impossible) for them to break the Chain, they all of them (except one, more wealthy and powerful than the rest, who thought to overbear him either by Gifts or stratagem) relinquished their pretensions: But in the end, this man finding the Beautiful and Virtuous *Clarinda* deaf to his Importunities, endeavouring as much as in her lay, to shun and avoid him, being fraught with Malice, he turned the Love he protested for this beautiful Creature into Hatred and Revenge; yet fearing the Valour of his Rival, if he should attempt it against her by force, he conspires by Fraud, and in that he proceeded after this manner:

He finds an opportunity to contract a familiarity with the Waiting-Woman of the beauteous *Clarinda*, inso much, that through Gifts, and a promise of Marriage, she was wholly at his Devotion, even (as the Report goes) more than consisted with the Rules of Modesty; for passionately doating upon him, she suffered him, as often as opportunity did permit, to have his Freedom with her; though he intended no other, than to serve his Revenge, by her Credulity, on the innocent *Clarinda*: So that taking his opportunity to meet with *Bernardo*, (for so was *Clarinda's* Lover's Name) he told him, That although his Happiness was great, in having a Virtuous Mistress, yet he was (as many others had been) very much deceived; for that, although she gave him many smooth Promises, yet in the mean while, she prostrated her Honour to another. Upon these words of *Romaldus*, *Bernardo* grew both angry and impatient, protesting with his Life to vindicate his Mistress's Honour, and withal, calling him Traytor to his face; but he not daring to maintain what he said by force, against so Renowned a Warriour as *Bernardo*, pacified him with many smooth words; and having by that means brought him to a calmer Temper, he told him, If he would not believe it, he should the next Evening be a Witness of it himself, though he desired it might be at a distance, by the light of the Moon; for that, she had (as he secretly understood by some that were about her) appointed (as she usually did) her Lover to come, at a certain hour, who, by the help of a Rope-Ladder, which she promised to fasten to the Balcony, was to ascend to his Joy, and revel in her Arms all night.

This, though *Bernardo* could not well believe, yet hearing it spoke with such earnestness, and so well vouched, he consented, even for Curiosity sake, to attend

at the time appointed : And so it happened, That **Romulus** having prevailed with the waiting Woman, called **Celinda**, to attire her self in **Clarinda's** Clothes, and in the same Dress as she frequently went, that (as he said) he might heighten his Joys, by fancying her to be the same ; he likewise ordered her to receive him in the Balcony, fastening (as he had determined) the Ladder, and she receiving him with such loving Carresses, feigning withal the Speech of **Clarinda**, so to the Life, that **Bernardo**, by the imperfect Light, and by reason of the distance, was altogether deceived, and fell not only to exclaiming against his own Unhappy Fortune, but to blaming of her that was Innocent, in these expostulating Lines :

I Wake, and see what I could wish t' have been
 Born without Eyes, that I might not have seen ;
 Or rather not to have been born. Curs'd Fate !
 Why hast thou thus prolong'd my Life's sad Date,
 To bring me to this killing Spectacle ?
Bernardo, more tormented than in Hell.
Dye then **Bernardo**----- How, **Dye**! **Dye**, and give
 My Rival leave my Ruin to out-live ?
 You that enjoy my Spoils, whoe'er you are,
 Since I must fall, shall my Destruction share :
 Let Death and Ruin guide me where he lies,
 To kill him in the height of all his Joys :
 But is't not base to kill him by surprize ?
 What if her Wrongs I openly should right ?
 That wou'd proclaim the Cause for which we fight :
Dye basely then, whoe'er thou art that dare
 Thus kill my Peace, and thus dishonour her ;
 I, but the Blood may, if I kill him there,
 The Murther show, and that the Murtherer.
 What need I care ? Yes ; but the Murther known,
 Betrays the Cause for which the Murther's done.
 But her stain'd blood has not so quench'd my Flame ;
 'Ed kill her Guilt, but would not wound her Fame.

And thus having with sighs and tears debated his Misfortune, he undertook to Travel into Foreign Lands, little perhaps knowing the Misery, and much less the Innocence of fair **Clarinda** ; who being since accused by **Romulus**, of what she is altogether innocent, in defect of a Champion that will undertake her Quarrel, is not only like to suffer shame and disgrace, but lose her Life : For though the Treachery has been discovered, it has not gained Belief ; as being over-born by the Power and Asseveration of **Romulus**.

How Hawkwood and Lovewell undertook to be the Ladies Champions, against Romaldus and his Gyant-like Brothers; And how Lamira, who contrary to their knowledge, had accompanied them in Man's Apparel, was concerned; Together with the coming in of another Champion, on their part: The manner of the Fight; and their over-coming Romaldus and his Brethren; with the Confession of his Treachery against Clarinda and Bernardo, who had likewise fought in her Quarrels, discovering himself: To whom she was married with great Joy; and what he appeared to be.



THE afore-mentioned Relation moving a tender compassion in the hearers, and Hawkwood and Lovewell being further satisfied, that what had been said had been confessed by Celinda, upon her being rescued from two Russians, into whose hands Romaldus had put her, in order to her being made away; that so his treachery might be secure from discovery; they both at once protested to venture their lives on her behalf, and a long while strove and contended with each other who should undertake the Challenger; but in the end Hawkwood gained the preheminency, & so the next morning he departed, with the greatest part of the Company, who were desirous to see the end of this Affair, and came to the House of Janthines, which was filled with nothing but Mourning and Lamentations, for that the day of Combat was to be the next, and none had yet (to their knowledge) declared themselves in defence of the fair Clarinda; yet no sooner was Hawkwood's resolution known, but the face of things were changed, though some doubted the success: But however, being introduced into the presence of the fair Clarinda, and approved by her as her Champion, she trusting more to her Innocence, than what she then fancied in him of strength & experience, a Horse and Armour, with Weapons, and other things, were provided

him ; nor did the Father spare to promise him large Rewards : Of which Romaldus having notice, and being conscious of his own Guilt, made it his request to those that were to Marshal the Combat, that he might not fight alone ; but that his two Brothers, whose Names were Cormondel and Grimsfallow, might be allowed to enter the List against any Three, that should dare to undertake them. This (though very unreasonable) was (by reason of Romaldus great Power in those parts) allowed. Nor did Lovewell a little rejoyce, that such an opportunity of trying his Strength was offered : But the Youth (or rather young Lady) in Disguise, who went by the Name of Lorenzo, whom I must for a time so call, seemed much concerned thereat, and used many Arguments (not without Tears) to perswade him from it ; but finding him resolutely bent to gain Honour, or lose his Life, kissing as much as in her lay, that outward grief, she sought a private place to vent it, in putting up her Prayers for him the esteemed dearest than Life. And now a Third Champion being wanting, these Two valiant Youths resolved to encounter the Three Brothers ; and so early in the morning they entered the List, well mounted, and armed at all points ; but then found another Knight in black Armour, and the Portraiture of a Virgin on his Shield, to Rank with them : by which means their number being equal, they rushed together with great fury, insomuch, that Romaldus and Cormondel, against whom Hawkwood and Lovewell run, were beaten to the ground : And as for the other Two, their Launces breaking, slibered in the Air ; but soon recovering, they drew their Swords, whereupon a dreadful Fight began, which filled the Spectators with hope and fear, according as they sided, or took part in their affections with either side ; and for a while the Success stood doubtful : but Hawkwood, impatient of any long delay, laying upon the Shield of Romaldus with a forcible blow, smote it in sunder, and gave him a deep wound in the Left Shoulder ; whilst Lovewell did much the like by Cormondel : Nor was the Champion in black Armour idle, but fiercely charged upon Grimsfallow, verily believing him to be Romaldus, whose usual Armour he indeed had on. Clarinda and Lorenzo, who all this while beheld the Fight, were in a deep heaviness and anxiety, the one for her Honour, that were at stake, and the other for her Love, that was as dear as both : But Hawkwood soon gave them hope, by turning the Scale ; for still pursuing Romaldus with a forcible blow, he burst his Helmet in sunder, and the Sword entering deep into his Head, he fell from his Horse, and greatly bruised himself in the Fall ; so that whilst the other Four were hotly engaged, he alighting, clapped his Sword to his Breast, bidding him either confess the abuse he had done, or expect no longer Life ; whereupon perceiving his two Brethren dismounted, and much wounded, after having begged Mercy, he declared the Story from end to end, as it has been related, with greater aggravations, craving a Thousand Pardons for the wrongs he had done the fair Clarinda ; and to the compassionate Lady, upon his humble submission, interceding for him, who had little deserved it at her hands, he had his Life given him ; as also had his Brothers, upon the like submission, and their confessing a true sense of sorrow for undertaking so unjust a Quarrel ; and soon after (being recovered of their wounds) they for grief and shame left the Country ; Celinda, the waiting-Woman being (after her delivery out of the Russians hands) fled, for fear of Punishment : And so the three Champions were with Triumph conducted to the House of Clarinda's Father, where they were highly welcomed and applauded : So that now, instead of Mourning, nothing but Mirth and Feasting was to be found. And what added yet more to the fair Clarinda's happiness, that upon the Champion in black Armour's

mour's discovering himself, he proved to be Bernardo, who, for the Love he bore to his Mistress, (notwithstanding by what he had seen, he conjectured her false) came to vindicate her, and stand in the defence of her Cause with his Life: which old Janthines understanding, (at the request of Hawkwood and Lovewell) resolving no longer to cross their Joys, all things were prepared for the Marriage Solemnity, to that degree, that the like had not been known before in those parts; so that the Concourse being very great, after the Marriage-Solemnity was over, in joining the two Lovers hands, whose hearts had been long-before united, the Feasting continued for the space of Ten days, with Balls, Plays, Tilts, and Turnaments; in all which Hawkwood and Lovewell putting in for their parts, performed them to a wonder, and gained great Applause, especially of the Ladies, and young Gentlewomen, who enforced their Charms to the utmost, in hopes to captivate those hearts, which were not in the owners power to bestow, as being already given away.

CHAP. XVIII.

How *Hawkwood*, *Lovewell*, and *Bernardo*, following the Chase, slew a cruel Wolfe, that had destroyed the Country: And of the strange, but pleasant Adventure, that befell *Lorenzo*, sleeping in the Forrest; with other matters.

By this time Hawkwood understood, that Bernardo was one of his own Profession, raised by his merit to a good degree, and communicated as much to Lovewell, striving all he could to cheer him, who being frequently melancholly, for the supposed absence of his dear Lamira; they the next day resolved to ride abroad for their better Recreation, having now not only Horses at command, but Arms and Armour suitable to their wish, and were not wanting to provide the like for Lorenzo, who was highly esteemed by them both, and appeared in the Eyes (especially of those young Gentlewomen that were deceived in the Sex) one of the loveliest youths they had ever beheld; when coming to the Border of the Forrest, they heard a great cry, whereto they stood still to listen a while; but perceiving it to draw nearer, or at least grow louder, they resolved to enter, especially finding a beaten way that passed through it: When as they had not gone far, ere they perceived several of the Gentry of the Country in pursuit of a monstrous Wolfe, which had destroyed many People and Cattel, and who had now not only scattered the Dogs, but killed and wounded many of them; which made some fearful Ladies, who accompanied the men in the Chase, cry out, dreading upon the sudden turns he made, he would fall upon them: But Hawkwood, Lovewell, and Bernardo coming in, by their Courage and Resolution secured them from that fear, putting him to plain flight; for they having given him some wounds, and he perceiving himself over-matched, halted away as fast as he could, without standing longer to contend; so that they (mindful of the Game, and in hot pursuit) left Lorenzo, who was not used to that Recreation, nor indeed to be so mounted in the intricate Mazes of the Forrest, who being weary, and not well knowing the way out, alighting, sat down by a pleasant Spring, and whilst the Horse grazed, or browsed, upon the Trees, fell asleep upon a mossy

Molly Bank, enamell'd with Flowers of fragrant smell; when so it happened, a noble young Lady, who was returned from the Chase, came thither, and seeing so beautiful a Creature, could not at first believe it was mortal, till alighting from her Palfrey, she with eager looks had taken a more serious view, and found the more she looked, the more her admiration encreased, thinking with her self, that if in steep such Charms appeared, how much more tempting must they be in their full Lustre; and so much enamoured was she, that she could not refrain from stealing a kiss; and upon that, fetched so loud a sigh, that Lorenzo opening her Eyes, was much surprized, to behold a beautiful Lady hovering (as it were) over her, with looks that declared a Languishment; and thereupon getting up, would have mounted, as fearing she was discovered, and that this might be some of her Relations, come in search of her; for, it seems, she had several Kindred in that Country, though indeed (as she remembred) she had never seen any of them: But, alas! the matter was far otherways, for the Lady being overwhelmed with a passion, (for a Beauty she had never beheld in Man, one of which Sex she supposed Lorenzo to be) she began to entreat and implore her stay, and so prebailied, that they sat down, together with the Lady whose Name was Lucrina, the fair and beautiful Lucrina, for which many a gallant Youth had sigh'd in vain, to divert the prebalency of her passion, began to talk of the Chase, and many other things that had happened, and were further intended for Retirement, still eying her with burning glances, not forbearing sometimes to fetch a deep sigh, which (no doubt) stole from her fair Breast before she was aware; which Lorenzo often perceiving, demanded the cause; at which Lucrina, no longer capable of stifling her passion, catching her about the Neck, and hanging down her Head, the better to hide her blushes, with a soft, but earnest tone, said: Ah! the cause is here, the sight of you, fair Youth, whoever you are, has made such an impression in my Breast, that forced by a prevailing passion, I must lay aside (forgive me Modesty) the silence of our Sex, and tell you I languish for the love of you; and could with Joy expect a suitable Return: Nor is she meanly born who woos you; but such a one as brings a Dowry not to be despised.

Lorenzo knowing she was not furnished with Materials to answer the Ladies expectation, though she was a little surprized at this discourse, seemed to excuse the Favours she had thrown upon her, in her Praises and her Offers, but found her thereupon more urgent and pressing; so that not knowing what to say or do, unless she should discover her self, and undeceive the Lady, she (after pausing) imagined it not altogether amiss, to give her some hope, and the rather, because she did not know but it might be a means to deliver her up into the Arms of some kind Youth, who could not only answer her expectations, but be proud of such a blessing; and so, with a promise to meet her the next day, in that shady place, to confer further of the matter lest too long a stay so many people being absent, might occasion a discovery, that turn to a disappointment, Lorenzo (after many endearing Carresses) obtained her consent to depart; and so mounting, soon (by enquiry) found the way to the House of Janthines; whilst the Lady took hers, to that of her Uncle, cartelling her self between Hope and Fear; Hope, that the beautiful Lorenzo would keep the time appointed, and Fear that it might be neglected: However, considering things the most favourable, she passed the night in many pleasing thoughts, fancying, that if ever Adonis was found in the Woods, she had met with him now. Where leaving her to consider a while, I shall proceed to follow those that pursued the Game.

The Wolf (as I said) being put to flight, and hotly pursued, at the sight of whom notwithstanding the Shepherds and their Flocks fled : It so hap.ened, that Hawkwood and Lovewell crossing the Country a nearer way, came in with him, and after many wounds, brought him lifeless to the ground, before any of the rest came up ; so that Hawkwood fastening the Head of that so much-dreaded Beast upon his Lance, met the Pursuers at the turn of a small Wood, and by demonstration assured them, the Danger and the Chace were ended ; so that, although some who desired to seem Valiant in the Eyes of their Mistresses, envied him the Glory, yet the greater part applauded his Speed and Resolution, giving equal Commendations to him and his Companions, especially the Country people, who were glad their Destroyer was destroyed ; and Right coming on, they each one returned to their Habitations ; where Hawkwood and Lovewell arriving, found Lorenzo, of which they were not a little glad ; and presenting the Monsters Head to fair Clarinda, she as a Trophy of their Valour, caused it to be fixed on the highest Turret of her Fathers Castle, which stood near to his house, and over the Gate of the Castle this Inscription in Token of her own Deliberance, and the Valour of the English Champions.

IN Everlasting Memory let Fame
 The Worth of *English* Worthies here proclaim ;
 Who freed the Innocent from guilty Hands,
 And Righted her : Nay more, a Trophy stands
 In a Memorial ; They the Country freed
 From such a Monster as made many bleed.
 So that from Dread and threatening Danger now,
 The Pough-men and the Shepherds safely go.

Under this Memorial was engraven their Names, and the Time of these Achievements ; so that their Fame spread wide, and many came to congratulate their Success. In which Joy and Esteem leaving them a while, I shall now speak further of the Adventure of Lorenzo, or the disguised Lamira.

CHAP. XIX.

How *Lorenzo* remembering her Promise, endeavoured by a Stratagem to gratifie the fair *Lucrina*: And what thereupon succeeded, both Comical and Tragical; With other things and matters of moment.

The Adventure of the Lady being somewhat strange, though Love (as I have said) takes the Diadem from Queens, and where it is truly fervent, in spite of the nice and troublesome Laws of Modesty, and bashful Nature, or Restraint, will blow the Passion into a visible Flame; and so in this case it happened: Wherefore *Lorenzo*, or the disguised *Lamira*, not being ignorant of the Promise that was made, after Supper was ended, began to cast about how she might satisfie *Lucrina's* expectation, and come off with honour; and not being willing to discover her self as to what she was, till a further opportunity required it, she thought not fit to acquaint any of those she termed her Companions, and whose Hearts she knew were taken up elsewhere, of the matter: But casting her Eyes (as she imagined) upon a handsome young Gentleman, newly arrived, whom she conceived somewhat to resemble her self, she resolved to let him know the Intreague; and withal, to tell him, if he had not been already engaged beyond recall, she would not have refused so worthy an Offer. but have esteemed it as a Favour, cast upon her by the smiles of Fortune: And so taking her opportunity, she discovered whatever had happened on that kind, together with the Promise she had made: But the supposed Gentleman being no more capable of pleasuring the Lady in her expectation, than her self, to her no small wonder, refused the Offer, without giving any reason for so doing; for indeed he was no other than the fair *Dori-da*; who hearing of *Hawkwood's* Renown; and by this time weaned from her covetous disposition, repenting the hard usage she had given him, cast off her second Lover, and with such Treasure as she could conveniently convey away, was come in search of him in disguise.

Lorenzo thus refused by the supposed Gentleman, resolved rather to go her self, than to break her word; but whilst she was considering on this point, withal wondering, that so Noble an Offer should be rejected, it came into her mind, that the Party who refused it, must undoubtedly be some such Adventurer as her self, or other ways be cold to love, if no pre engagement had seized that Heart, which prompted the Tongue to refuse so charming an Enterprize; and withal, she began to blush and condemn her self, for discovering the weakness, or rather the effects of *Lucrina's* unfeigned love: Yet notwithstanding, at the Time and Place appointed they met, and there renewing the former Discourse, at the wondrous importunity of the amorous Lady, whose Discourse Love shaping in a thousand extravagant Expressions, it was agreed, that for the better secrecy, the Nuptials should be solemnized the Evening of the next day; *Lorenzo* knowing, that if no other way was found to colour the Design, it would prove but a frolick in the end; and so *Lucrina* promising to give necessary Orders to a Purse of hers, who lived some distance from her Uncle's House, and in whom (by reason of the many Obligations she had layd upon her) she doubted not, but she might confide; they parted.

The Ladies being separated, it so fell out, that Lorenzo, in the way to Janthine's House, being thoughtful of the Intreague, (whilst the fair Lucrina, no doubt, was in as large a Contemplation of her approaching bliss) overtook a young Gentleman very pensive and sad, upon whose face sorrow had made visible impressions, and whose sighs betrayed his inward grief; the cause of which (after the usual Complement, and some enquiry into the Affairs of the Country) she demanded; but he put it off with many excuses, till being pressed beyond any reasonable cause of Refusal, after a sigh, he thus began to breathe out his sorrow, &c.

I being (said he) born in England, at London, the Famous Metropolis of that Kingdom, and having but one only Sister, whom indeed I scarcely knew, being separated from her by my Parents, when she was very young, and sent abroad to travel the World; upon my return home, I found them in Tears; and thereupon enquiring the cause, was informed, that the loss of that Sister was the occasion; who, by a strange Adventure, (the particulars of which they could not tell) had made her escape, or was otherways conveyed away they knew not how; though they imagined it was for the sake of one Lovewell, who (in Female Disguise) had courted her, and from whose company she was restrained: Wherefore, the better to comfort them, I undertook to travel in search of her, but hitherto have been unsuccessful.

This Story made all the blood in Lorenzo's Body, flush in her Face: Yet recollecting her self, and finding he knew her not, she plucked up a courage, and said: Well Sir, and Is this the cause of your grief? Perhaps that Sister of yours may in a short time return home, or you may happen to find her, nor is it impossible, but I may further you in this matter, at least ways accompany you in the search; therefore Up Sir, and be not thus discontented. Ah! (said the disconsolate Gentleman) if this was all the cause of these Clouds of Sorrow, that damp and overshadow my Joys, (though this, you'll say, is great enough) my Spirits could not sink so low; but there is more, and more perhaps than I am willing to reveal. And here a sigh interrupted his further utterance.

Lorenzo perceiving this, began more and more to press him to a discovery: When having a long time kept silence, and struggled with his passion, as loath to discover the mighty Secret, at last with a sigh, as though his heart would break, these words burst from him: Ah! (says he) Lucrina, the fair and lovely Lucrina's killing Eyes have robbed me of my Peace. And thereupon hanging down his Head, some Tears trickled from his Eyes; whereat Lorenzo moved to compassion, began in the best wise to comfort him, not a little inwardly rejoicing at what he had heard; and when she found him a little come to himself, she made so strict an enquiry into the matter, that she found he had seen this beautiful Lady, but had never the happiness (either through fear or opportunity) to speak to her, or reveal that Passion, which her fair Eyes had kindled in his Breast, promising him in this case some assistance, for which he returned a thousand Thanks, and implored Ten thousand Blessings: But she fearing, that by some words that might drop, about the Sister he was in search of, which she knew to be her self, and whereby Lovewell might be startled, she carried him to another House, resolving to stay with him till the Intreague was accomplished: Nor did they delay, but went on discoursing about this important Affair; our young Gentleman desiring nothing more, than to hear what Lorenzo had to propose, suspending his thoughts between Hope and Fear; and so it happened in the end.

Germander (so he was named) bring now in the Company of his beautiful Sister, though to him unknown, they went to a Shepherd's House, not far from that where Lucrina had appointed the Meeting, and contented themselves with such homely fare as the Cottage would afford; where Lorenzo (so we must yet call the fair *Lamira*) having understood from him the great concern her Parents were in, so her absence, and many other things relating to his Travels, and the Affairs of divers Countries, she told him the whole Story of the amorous Intreague; how the fair *Lucrina* found her, and what had passed between them, not forgetting the Promise he had made; whereat Germander imagining himself lost for ever, as to the gaining her Love, looked pale as Death, and scarcely with all the Courage he had left, could support himself from falling in a swoon: but continuing her discourse, as she had brought him near the Grave, or Pit of Despair, so she in the end exalted his Thoughts above the Clouds of common Joy: Scarcely could he believe she was in earnest; scarcely could he believe that any Engagement could hinder her from embracing so great an Offer; but being by her protestations better satisfied, he fell at her feet, and in token of inexpressible Thanks, kissed the Ground whereon she trod; and so spending that Evening, and the next Day, in discoursing of the charming Theam, it was agreed, That being so like each other, (as indeed they were, as much as the difference of the Sexes would admit) that they should change Habits, and that Germander being informed of all that was past, that so no scruple nor doubt might arise in any doubtful Answer, should proceed to possess the fair *Lucrina*. At the thoughts of which, how great a Joy he conceived, I leave to the imagination of those that love so much as him, and would be gratified therein. And so leaving Lorenzo at the Shepherd's House, in expectation of the News of her Brother's success, I shall return to our other Adventurers.

C H A P. XX.

How Lorenzo fortunately having met her Brother, and assigned *Lucrina* to him; and he having gained her love by that means, is set upon by Nine Men, sent to kill him, and take away *Lucrina*; And how he was rescued by *Hawkwood* and *Lovewell*: With other things that happened; As also, their Shipping for *England*.

Lorenzo being by this time much enquired for, by *Hawkwood*, *Lovewell*, and the rest, who by reason of their entertaining and discoursing with their new-come Guest, the fair *Dorinda* (who went by the Name of *Orlando*, and whom for some time I must, as occasion serves, so call) did not miss her till the second day; but then notice being given, that Lorenzo went out early the day before, and that she had been seen entering the Forest, and no Tydings (though some had been sent out to make enquiry) heard, they began to make many conjectures of different natures; but in the end, at the motion of *Hawkwood* and *Lovewell*, it was agreed, they should ride in search of that fair Companion; which they did, in company of others, a long time; but finding the ways different, or passing too many places at once, they resolved to divide; when far they had not gone, or separated from

from each other, but Hawkwood heard at a distance not only the clashing of Arms, and Armour, but the shriek and out-cry of a Woman, to which he directed his Course with speed, and found on the edge of the Forrest, just entering upon a great Plain, near to a small Cottage, a Gentleman, grievously wounded, yet defending himself (though feebly) with his Sword against Sir Men; whilst Three more held, and rudely handled (as appeared by her dishevel'd Hair and torn Garments) a beautiful Woman, overwhelmed with sorrow, and struggling for Release, which made him with the greater speed make up to them, resolving at any rate to succour the Distressed; when looking earnestly upon the wounded Gentleman, he verily conjectured him to be no other than Lorenzo, for so like were the Brother and Sister, (as I have said) that on a sudden it would be much difficult to distinguish them; and therefore being in a great fury to see him so dealt withal, he covered him with his Shield, by interposing between him and Death, and cryed out, Villains, What means this Cruelty, this Insolence to my Friend? Slaves (said he) you shall Repent. And thereupon, whilst they began to scoff at him, and call him presumptuous Mad-man, drawing his Sword, he with redoubled fury charged upon the foremost, and by a forcible blow beat him from his Horse, and layd him on the ground for dead; which the rest perceiving, and thinking with themselves to revenge that Injury, charged all a front, and layd upon him many heavy strokes, but the Passage not being very wide, he manfully defended it, and so dealt with them, that his Fury encreasing, he not only made them give back, but brought Three of them (through wounds and loss of blood) into so feeble a condition, that they were little capable of defending themselves, and less of endamaging him; when as those who held the Lady, perceiving his more than Manly force, left their Charge, and came to the rescue of their fellows: Now, by this time, Hawkwood (through a wound he had received in the Shoulder) by the loss of much blood, losing of his Strength, though not of his Courage, it so happened, that a cross Lane, which Lovewell had taken, brought him directly to that place, who seeing one of his Friends, as he supposed him, (taking him, as Hawkwood had done, for no other than Lorenzo) disabled, and the other engaged, without speaking any word, fell in like Lightning, and so striving to emulate or exceed each other; whilst the Lady, freed from the Tyranny of her Guard, was binding up the Gentlemans wounds, Hawkwood and Lovewell having layd the greatest part of them for dead, made the rest submit to their mercy, and upon their Knees beg their lives, and them at the intercession (which was more than they deserved) of Lucrina.

Our Champions having thus subdued their Opposers, had now time to enquire into the cause of this unequal Encounter, and were given to understand, by one of those they had overcome, That Lucrina having put too much confidence in the faithfulness of Canida her Purse, in this Affair of her Love, she had from time to time betrayed the Secret to one Signior Ormasdes, and he, in revenge of being slighted, had caused this Ambush to be layd, to intrap the Lovers, with strict Command to kill the Gentleman, and bring the Lady to his Bed by force: But the design (continued he) being unjust, our Fortune proves the worst, though indeed no more than we deserve; yet something in the midst of our sorrow mitigates our woes, that is, that we have met with honourable Conquerors, Men that knew how to shew pity on those they had subdued; and the rather (he said) they hoped to find that Grace, because what they had done, was at the Command of their Lord, whom they durst not disobey.

By this time the fair Lucrina having bound up Germander's wounds, came to return (as did her Lover) Hawkwood and Lovewell Thanks, stiling them their Deliberers, and would have bowed to embrace their Knees, but they would not suffer it, but comforted them in the best wise, excusing (as the time would permit) the Praises and Thanks they heaped on them, telling them, they were ever ready to right (as far as in them lay) those that were wronged, and more especially, to vindicate the Cause of Lovers, demanding withal of Lucrina who this Ormasdes was, who told them, with a sigh, and tears standing in her fair Eyes, That indeed there was such a Man living in a Castle not far distant from her Uncles, who had sollicitred her Love, but being of a bloody and cruel disposition, he had not only shunned his company, but denyed him Access; for which, she believed, he had practised with Canida (in whom she confided) to compass her Ruin; But (said she, clasping Germander in her snowy Arms) O! my Love, I had not regarded so much this Treachery to me, but that for my Cause such mischief is befallen you: I wish (said she, in the transport of Passion) that I had dyed, ere I had put your life into this hazard. And thereupon looking pale, she had fell to the ground in a swoon, had he not stayed her in his Arms, and rebid her with many comfortable words, and protestations of the most entire Affection. Nor did Hawkwood and Lovewell less endeavour to comfort them both, with the assurance of their protection against whatever might happen, even to the loss of their Lives; but they fearing the consequence, (especially Germander, who imagined his Lady, upon seeing Lorenzo, might discover her mistake) desired them only to favour them so far, as to accompany them to the next Port, there to take Shipping for England; which accordingly they did, and there solemnly taking leave, they set sail, and with a prosperous Wind, soon arrived there, with much Riches, such could as be carried. Where I shall leave them, in the possession of those Joys that true Love affords, till the rest of our Adventurers find them in that Tranquillity.

CHAP. XXI.

How Ormasdes hearing of the havock that was made of his Men, vowing Revenge, met Hawkwood and Lovewell returning from the Sea-shore; And how in the Fight with the former, he was beaten from his Horse, and left for dead: And how Hawkwood and his Company left the Land; With other matters.

Hawkwood and Lovewell having left the wounded men to shift for themselves, some of them that yet had Life and Strength crawled away, as well as they could, to the house of their Master, who with impatience was expecting their Return, and to his no small amazement, related what had befallen them, saying, That they had met (as they thought) with Devils in the likeness of Men, who came out of the Wood upon them, with such fury, that they were no ways able to make resistance, but rather to shift for their lives. This did not a little disturb Ormasdes, who immediately fell to calling them Cowards, Villains, and a Thousand other coarse Names, vowing himself to pursue them immediately, and take Revenge: And there

thereupon calling for his Horse, and Arms, notwithstanding the perswasion of many to the contrary, commanding, upon pain of death, that none should follow him, for that the Gloz of so brave an Attempt should solely rebound to himself: Not long was it, ere he met our English Champions returning from the Shore, and knew them, by the description he had of them; whereupon, not standing to parly with many opprobrious and reproachful words, he charged upon the foremost (which was Hawkwood) with a huge Battel-Axe, and gave him such a blow, that he had almost beaten him from his Horse; whereupon Lovewell advanced to the assistance of his friend; but Hawkwood perceiving it was but Man to Man, entreated him to desist, and not to eclipse his Honour; and so having his Sword drawn, and not being used to such rough Treatment, he returned that stroke with such redoubled force on the Helmet of Ormasdes, that he broke it in lunder, and the Sword entering deep into his Head, he fell from his Horse in a deadly wound; when taking his Battel-Axe, as a Trophy of the Conquest, they left him in the care of one of his Servants, who (notwithstanding his Threats) had adventured to follow him at a distance: And so coming to the House of Janthines, they found all their Company returned, and amongst the rest Lorenzo, which made them the more wonder, because they verily believed, the Gentleman they had rescued from Death, was the same; and so proceeded to tell all that had befall them, to the no small Admiration of those that heard it; and by which Lorenzo perceiving her Brother was safe, and had his desire, by her contrivance, she resolved to reserve the Secret to a further opportunity: But both she and Orlando, being fearful for their Lovers, (who feared not for themselves) lest greater mischief might happen, they suffered them not to rest, till with pregnant Reasons they had prevailed with them, to leave that Coast; and so taking leave, with large Rewards, and a Thousand Thanks, they were unwillingly dismissed; yet not till they were safely on Shipboard, furnished with whatever Necessaries were convenient, to serve them in their Voyage to what Land they pleased.

Being thus on board, where little Adventure could be expected, whilst the Sailors stood for the Coast of France, Hawkwood and Lovewell suffered the Thoughts of their love not a little to disturb them, the one complaining of Unkindness, and the other of the loss of her who loved him as her Life; regretting at nothing more, than that himself had been the occasion of her trouble; little dreaming, either of them, that they were so near their Havens of Happiness: Not would the Ladies, resolving to try the Constancy of their Lovers, taking so fair an opportunity, offer (as yet) to discover themselves, ever conceiving to give them such an unexpected Happiness, that the Joy might be the greater. But Hawkwood having heard how the fair Lamira was gained, became now impatient, to understand how she came to be so soon lost; and thereupon (whilst the two supposed Gentlemen were retired into their Cabin, who by this time understood each other so well, that they contracted a strict Amity) made it his Request to his Friend, that he would let him know that part of his misfortune, promising withal his assistance, as far as it was in his power, to seek him with his Life and Fortune, in search of her; and urged it in such an obliging manner, that the other, not able to deny him, thus began:

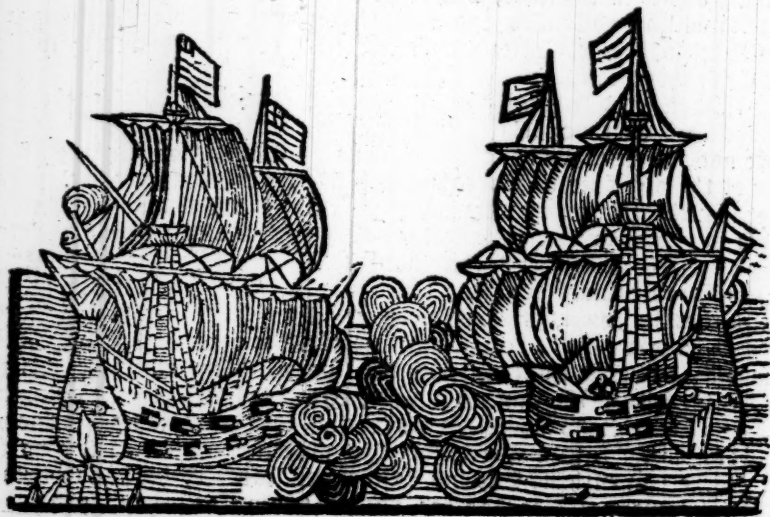
The Night (said he) being exceeding dark, and Fear (that ever attends Lovers in that case) putting us into a confusion, for dread that by Pursuit we might be overtaken, and I deprived of my only Happiness, though the Pursuers in that case must have bought my life at no small purchase, being Armed, and absolutely determined to

to dye, rather than lose a Jewel of so great a value as my *Lamira*: Whilst, I say, Night wrought this Terrour, and we fled apace, resolving with all speed to leave the land, that in another Country we might enjoy the quiet Possession of each others Hearts, by turning as many Mazes as *Dædalus's* Labyrinth contained, or fair *Rosamond's* resplendent Bower; not Hand in Hand, but single, the less to be perceived; in those fatal Turnings, Oh! Heart-breaking sound, we doubtless took different ways; for long it was not, ere I miss'd my dear delight; in vain I searched, and softly cryed, Where are you, dear *Lamira*? speak: Nor from that time has any corner of the land been left unsearched, though to no purpose; wherefore I resolved to seek in other lands, but hitherto have been succesless; yet my life must be a Pilgrimage, unless I find her, in hope of whom I live, and for whose loss her Parents are in Tears, and made as vain a search as I.

This sorrowful Story did not a little afflict Hawkwood, who had not spared to tell Lovewell all his Adventures of the like kind. And so comforting each other they continued their Voyage.

CHAP. XXII.

How they being at Sea, a fearful Storm happened, and drove them upon an Island of Pirates, with whom they fought, and overcame them, delivering a number of wretched Captives, amongst which was *Impolito*, together with much Treasure; and afterward landed in *France*; with other matters.



Being now at Sea far from Land, the Wind began to rise, and black Clouds filled with threatening Tempests of Thunder, Rain, and Lightning, almost shut up the Day in Night; so that the Ocean growing more and more enraged, the Ship

Ship mounted on the Waves, and often sunk as low, so that sometimes the Main-Mast seemed to touch the Clouds, and at other times seemed hidden under Waves, so that the Sail was supposed to bed upon the Sands; whilst the Cry of the Sailors made things seem more terrible, for nothing but Death and Ruin stood before their Eyes; at which indeed the Ladies trembled, and wished they had not left the former Coast; but our two Champions stooping Danger, cheered the rest, as Caesar did the Boatsman, with his Fortune: When so it happened, that after twelve hours continuance, the Winds were out of breath, and all the Sea grew calm; but when they perceiving Land, and thought themselves to stand with the Shore of France, they found that by the force of the Tempest they were driven off, to a small Island, or rather Rock, in the Sea, uninhabited, but by Pirates and Sea-Robbers, which so terrified the Master (apprehensive of the danger they were in of being taken) that now not only he, but all the Mariners trembled, more than in the storm, and were (for that the Vessel seemed much disabled) about to leave her, and make their escape in their long-Boat, chusing (as he said) rather to trust to the mercy of the Waves, than those merciless Thieves; but Hawkwood and Lovewell having comforted their Companions, forbid it, and with their Swords cut away the Boat, and let her fall off, to prevent their flight; which was no sooner done, but the Pirate Spies having given notice from above, two Ships came out from the Harbours, between the Cliffs of the Rock, and made up with full Sail, in hopes of a Prize; whilst Hawkwood and Lovewell prepared themselves to receive them, animating the Master and Sailors to do the like, who by their example took up Arms, resolving rather to dye, than to submit to the barbarous usage they were like to find, if taken; so that when the Pirates (as their way is) thought to clap them on board, and over-power them with the number of their Men, they found themselves much mistaken; for our Champions having placed themselves in the most advantageous places of the Vessel, so layd about them, that lopping off hands, Arms, and heads, whilst the Master and Sailors taking heart by their Examples, and doing their utmost, the Sea was coloured with Blood; and after a dreadful fight, the Pirates would have fled, but thir Vessels being fast grappled, and finding the destruction encrease, (for now those that thought to have boarded, were boarded themselves) most of them leaped into the Sea, where some were drowned, and others getting to shore, hid themselves among the Rocks and craggy places: When as Hawkwood, upon the examination of such as were still breathing on board, understood, that in the Cave of the Rock, there were a great many poor wretches in misery, which they had taken at sundry times, with an intent to sell them for Slaves, as opportunity gave them leave; he resolved to Land, and at what hazard forker to deliver them: When coming (together with Lovewell) to the place, by the guidance of one of the wounded Pirates, whom he took on shore, he found those that guarded them (upon notice of the defeat) were fled into the inaccessible places of the Rock, by not well-known ways: Wherefore contenting themselves to see and take aboard with them those miserable wretches, that lay in Chains, Cords, and Torture, half naked, and almost starved, bearing the severe marks of their cruel usage; together with much Treasure and Merchandise, they returned; and having fired the Pirates Ships, that they might have no advantage of them, with a fair Gale they stood for the Coast of France, and soon came safe to Land, where they not only provided Cloaths and Provision for those they had delivered, but upon the sale of the Merchandizes, divided a great part amongst them, to enable them to travel into their own Countries, being of divers Nations;

for amongst them (to Hawkwood's no small wonder) he found Impolito, his quondam Rival, who (in his passing the Seas) had been taken by these Pirates; him he supplied out of pity, and a relenting of the hard-dealing he had given him in England, gratified him above the rest, and sent him home with a Letter to his Uncle Gaspero, with a Charge to deliver it to his own hand, importing the Adventure of the Mad-house, and what had befall the Russians, subscribing it with his Name, and interring many other matters he had learned from Impolito: And so, without making known to any other who he was, he dismissed him, in a Vessel ready to set sail, who (upon his arrival) did as he was directed, to the no small admiration of Gaspero, who for sorrow, shame, and vexation, soon after fell sick, and dyed.

CHAP. XXIII.

How arriving in France, Hawkwood and Lovewell entred the List against four Knights, and overcame them, and were honoured with all their Attendants; And how the disguised Ladies fearing to be Rivalled, contrived to oblige them to return into England.



Our Champions being now in France, and hearing of a great Tournament to be held, at the celebration of the Nuptials of a Noble Man's Daughter, they (having dismissed the Vessel, and well rewarded the Master with the spoils of the Pirates, and other things of value) addrest themselves thither, with their beautiful Associates, whom they had all-along perceived to be so much concerned, as not to refrain shedding Tears, when their Entreaties could not restrain them from attempting any thing of danger, and often they fancied they had seen one or the other of them before, but where, they could not well imagine; they often likewise had dreamed (with no small Joy) that they were discoursing with their Mistresses; and

and so, in these and other pleasant Concits, they at last came to the place where the Sports were appointed, and there they found not only a Noble and Illustrious Assembly of Spectators, of either Sex, but the Knights (Challengers, in honour of their Mistresses) daring the Combat; which made Hawkwood and Lovewell rejoyce, as not desiring a more favourable opportunity to express how much they loved; so that pausing a while, and perceiving none in a readines to undertake them, they boldly entered, against whom two of the Knights prepared, and meeting in a full Career with their Launces, they shiver'd them in the Air; yet so forcibly Hawkwood bore on with the Truncheon of his Lance, that he tumbled him that run against him to the ground; but he soon mounting, they drew their Swords, (as did Lovewell and the other, who had passed in a full Career) and skirmish'd with such fury, that the two Knights Armour being broken, and themselves having received some wounds, and more bruises, theyw down their Swords, in token of yielding; when as two others advanced, but were no better welcomed; so that in the end, they kept the List alone, none daring adventure against them, supposing them more than Men, which caused the Tourney to cease: After which, they were invited by the Noble Man to his house, and with high Applause magnificently entertain'd; the young Ladies that were come thither to the Solemnity, and beholding their Manly Beauty, when unarmed, not restraining to express an extraordinary Esteem of their Magnanimity and true Heroickness, but by their Eyes and Gesture let them see their Passion went further: Which Lorenzo and Orlando well noting, and fearing that among so many Beauties, some might fire their Affections, seeing they (as yet) were in little hope of enjoying those they desired, they thought it high time to call them off; and therefore, having made both their Sex and the Mystery of their Loves known to each other, they resolv'd to write each of them a Letter, as from England, and to have them deliver'd (as such) to a trusty Messenger, whom they would over-and-above bid to silence, that so, by that means, they might immediately pass thither, and by making themselves known in their proper Habit, make their Lovers happy: Lorenzo now not leaving (at the intercession of her Brother) to gain her Parents consent; and Orlando knew well, that hers would rejoyce at nothing more, than so happy a Conjunction. And so this way of discovery was resolv'd upon, and indeed succeeded to their wish; as in the following Chapter will appear.

CHAP. XXIV.

How upon their returning to *England*, they found *Lorenzo* and *Orlando* to be *Lamira* and *Dorinda*; and the means by which they were deceived: And how they were married by the Consent of their Parents, lived and dyed happy; with other things; as their being Knighted; with their further Achievements.

The Letters being filled with so many known Circumstances, and in the known Hands, upon sight thereof our Champions were struck with much amazement, and to ask further in relation to them, they knew not where, or of whom, seeing they were deliver'd by an unknown hand, and that the Messenger, as soon as he had

delibered them, had withdrawn himself, they knew not whether; so that having consulted each other, and finding the circumstances on either hand wonderfully coherent, Joy and Doubt, or Fear, struggled so much in their Breasts, that they scarce knew what to conclude; but in the end resolving to omit nothing that might render them so much felicity, as so fair an opportunity promised, they concluded to run the hazard of crossing the Seas, having directions where to come; and so much they communicated to the disguised Ladies, entreating them that they would bear them company, who (after some Excuses in relation to the danger they had been in at Sea before, and what might further happen) consented: And so taking leave of Gonzalus, the Noble-Man, and his Family, who dismissed them with Rewards, and many signal Favours of Love and Applause, with a prosperous Gale, they arrived in England, not only in gallant Apparel, but stor'd with Jewels and Gold, and hasted to London, where their Mistresses pretended to be concealed, in expectation of their arrival; where the business being layd by the two disguised Ladies, with the Woman of the House, who was a Kinswoman of Lorenzo, or Lamira, so; so I must shortly call her, she procured them costly Female Attire, pretending the mean while to our impatient Lovers that they were a day too soon, so; that the Ladies had not promised to be there till the day ensuing: And so after much feasting and rejoicing, all things being now provided, the disguised Ladies the next morn'g assumed themselves, by putting on their proper Habits, having in their other Habits pretended, that the same morning they would go aboard to see the Town.

Matters being brought to this pass, and Fate resolving no longer to withstand the Happiness of our Lovers, they were introduced into the Chamber where their Mistresses sat in sumptuous Attire, at the first sight of whom they were struck with such amazement, that they could scarce believe, but that it was rather a pleasing Vision, than true; but when they were thoroughly convinced of the reality, and made sensible of all that had happened, What Tongue can express the Joy and Wonder that at once surprized them? And now being no longer doubtful of each others Constancy, they embraced in folded Arms of Love, with all the reciprocal Joy imaginable, having a Thousand tender things to say at once, which forcing one upon another, even stopped the passage of their Voices, and left them to sigh out the greater part; insomuch, that Dorinda had at that time no power to excuse her hard-heartedness; nor Lamira to tell how (after she was separated from him in the night) she procured of that Cousin of hers Man's Apparel, to go in search of him; nor how she luckily happened to enter the Ship where he was, and finding her disguised as it shouded her from his knowledge; nor many things more: But when this extalle was over, fear so wrought, lest they might again be cross'd, they resolv'd to tie the Knot too fast for any but Dearly to sunder. But the Cousin undertaking to bring it about, with the Parents, that they should give their Consent, he instantly sent to invite them to her House; where finding what they little expected, they with Tears of Joy embraced their Daughter; and being made fully sensible of all that had happened, freely consented, That as their Hearts was joyned, their Hands should not be kept asunder: So that the Ceremony being performed in the presence of a great number of worthy persons a Feast of ten days ensued, with such Mirth and Jollity, as besem'd the consummation of so great a Happiness. Nor were Gilbert and the fair Lucrina wanting, to express the many obligations they had laid upon them; nor less did she wonder, when she knew how she had been mistaken; yet not repenting of what she had done. Songs and Musick, with all manner of Varieties, spoke

the Welcome of the Guest, who resorted from all parts, to behold these Miracles of Constant Love.

The Solemnity and Feastival being over, whilst the whole Kingdom rung of their Constancy and Fame, they provided them Houses, and lived in great Splendor, encreasing in Riches, and in the Love of All; so that coming to great Preferment, and behaving themselves courageously in the Wars abroad, for the Honour of their Country, and in their great Offices and Trust at home, John Hawkwood and Francis Lovewell, for their good Services, received the Honour of Knighthood, carrying afterward the Fame of true English Valour into many Lands; and being blest with a happy Off-spring, ended their days in Peace, and left their Memoires blessed to Posterity.

So Worthies live; although They lose their breath,
Their Fame does live, and even conquers Death.

The End of the History, &c.



THE APPENDIX.

O R,

A Recital of several Worthy, Magnificent, and Charitable Acts of the Merchant-Taylors, as they are found upon Record, and viubly extant, to the no small Honour of that Worshipful Society, &c.

Having delivered a History in it self, (as I take it) not a little pleasant, I shall now come to a more serious Relation of many things worthy of note, which I have cholen to fix as an Appendix, not thinking it so convenient, to bring it into the foregoing Pages; which take as followeth:

The Worshipful Company of Merchant-Taylors have been a Guild or Fraternity some out of mind, by the Name of Taylors, and Linnen-Armourers: For I find, that Edward the first, in the 28th. Year of his Reign, confirmed this Guild under the Names aforesaid, and gave to the Brethren thereof Leave and Licence every Midsummer to hold a Feast, and then to chuse them a Governour, or Master, with Wardens. Whereupon, on the said day, in the Year 1300. they chose Henry de Rayl to be their Pilgrim, for the Master of this Mystery (as one that travel'd for the whole Company) was so called, until the Eleventh Year of Richard the Second; and the four Wardens, then called Purveyors of Alms, now known by the Name of Wardbridge, of the said Fraternity.

The stately Hall belonging to the Company of Merchant-Taylors, is situate in Threadneedle-street; sometimes the House of a Worshipful Gentleman, named Edmond Crepin, who in the Sixth of Edward the Third, Anno 1331. for a certain Sum of Money, made his Grant thereof, by the Name of his Principal Mesuagge, to John Yakely, the King's Pavilion-maker, and was thereupon called New-Hall, of Taylors.

Taylor's-Law: And in the 21. Year of Edward the Fourth, Sir Thomas Holin, one of the Kings of Arms, granted by his Patent this Company for their Arms, (Viz.) In a Field of Silber, a Pavilion between two Royal Mantles, Purple garnished with Gold, in a chief Azure, a Holy Lamb incircled with Rapes, the Crest upon the Helm, a Pavilion purple, garnished with Gold, &c.

As a further mark of Honour, King Henry the Seventh favoured this Company, with condescending to be free of it; as many of his Predecessors the Kings of England, had been; (Viz.) Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, &c. And for that divers of that Fraternity trading in Merchandise, abroad and at home, to the great enriching and advantage of the Kingdom, &c. Therefore did the said Henry the Seventh (by his especial Grant) Incorporate them, by the Names of Masters and Wardens, Merchant-Tailors, of the Fraternity of St. John Baptist, in the City of London.

Thus having spoken briefly of the Original Rise and Encrease of this worthy Company, I now proceed to tell of what more redounds to their Honour, (Viz.) They have in their Care and Protection a famous Grammar-School, known by the Name of Merchant-Tailors Free-School, founded by the Master and Wardens of that Company, Anno 1561. in Suffolk-lane, in the Parish of St. Lawrence Pountney; and near to it, divers Alms-houses, in which are generally placed Seven decayed Men of the Company, and their Wives, if they have any, and had at first the Allowance of Fourteen pence a week each, but since increased to the Sum of Five pounds four Shillings the Year, to each, pay'd Quarterly, besides Firing; and yet more to each of them Twenty Shillings yearly; being the Gift of Walter Fish, sometime Master of the said Company.

At the West-End of Hog-street, by Tower-Hill, they have divers fair Alms-houses, wherein live fourteen poor single Women, who receive better than Sixteen pence a week each, being pay'd weekly, beside Eight pound Fifteen Shillings, pay'd yearly, out of the common Treasury, for the provision of Fuel. For has the bounteous Liberality of private Members of this Company, at any time been inferior to the best; of which, that their Fame may live as a Pattern to others, to emulate or imitate, I shall particularize a few, (Viz.)

Robert Thorn, Merchant-Taylor, dying Anno 1532. bequeathed by his Testament, to sundry charitable uses, in Goods and Monies, upward of the value of four Thousand pounds; together with five Thousand One hundred and forty pounds to his Relations; and yet proceeding to a Charity no less than the former, he over-and-above forgave his Debtors all they owed him.

Sir Thomas Whitt, who was Lord Mayor of the Honourable City of London, Anno 1534. and a Brother of this Society, founded St. John Baptist College in Oxford, erected Schools at Bristol, Reading, and another College at Higham Ferris, and distributed several Thousands of pounds to other Charitable Uses.

Sir Thomas Row, Knight, Lord Mayor of the honourable City of London, Anno 1568. a Member of this Society, erected the new Church-yard in Bethlehem, and gave an Hundred pounds to be lent to Eight poor men, without Use; and forty pounds a Year for ever, to maintain Ten poor Men, to be chosen out of five several Companies, (Viz.) Cloth-workers, Armourers, Tylers, Carpenters, and Plasterers.

Sir Thomas Offy, Merchant-Taylor, and Mayor of London, who dyed Anno 1580. appointed by his Testament, the one half of his Goods, and Two hundred pound

pound, to be deducted out of the other half, to be given to charitable Uses. And thus I might name many more, who have not only been famous for Deeds of Charity and Conduct, in Magisterial Affairs, and encouraging Arts and Sciences, but for Loyalty, and valiant Undertakings, for the service of their King and Country, have approved themselves not only Men, but such men, as have been an Ornament to the English Nation.

Whose Names in Fame's Record shall ever stand,
 Whilst Seas begirt our happy Fruitful Land;
 And prove them such, as durst attempt to do
 Whate'er their Prince or Fortune call'd 'em to;
 Who both in War and Peace Applause have gain'd;
 Righting the wrong'd, and the just Cause maintain'd.

A SONG, to be sung by the Merchant-Taylors on St. William's Day.

To the Tune of, *Now, now the Fight's done.*

(1)

THe Taploz's a Man, come deny it who dare,
 He's Wit, Wealth, and Courage enough, and to spare;
 He'll shew those dull Noddys that scoff at his Trade,
 That to him's beholden both Fool, Spark, and Blade.
 Each Lady that's gallant depends on his Skill;
 The Peasant and Prince do both come in his Bill:
 Warm he does keep one, and make t'other shine;
 Without him all Pomp and all Grandeur decline.

(2)

As his Trade was the first, and in *Paradise* found,
 So since with Esteem e'ry Age has it crown'd;
 Kings and great Potentates daigning to be
 Members of us, as in Records we see.
 The coyest bright Beauties, for whom Gallants mourn,
 And sigh all in vain, still requited with scorn;
 Freely their Bodies commit to our hands,
 And readily yield to our modest Demands.

(3)

Whilst we the soft Characters do clasp in our Arms;
 They strive not, nor blush not, as fearing no harms;
 Our Virtue they trust, which from others they fly,
 Who languish and sigh for a glance of the Eye.
 Then a Health to our Trade, Boys, and let it encrease,
 Whilst we prove good Subjects, in War and in Peace,
 Live merry and jolly, work, drink, love, and sing,
 Cloath well our Country, and fight for our KING.

FINIS.